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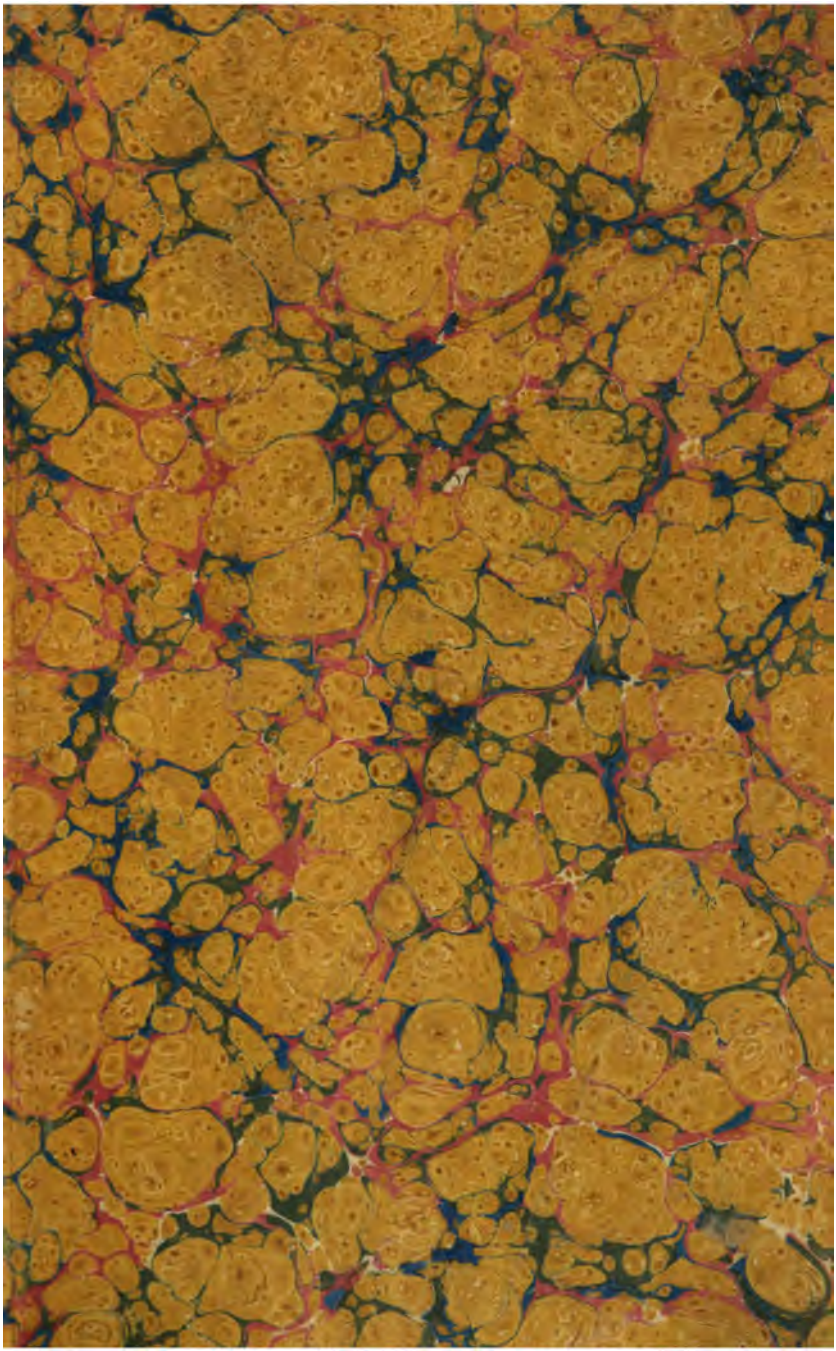

NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK;

OR, THE

Service Afloat and Ashore;

WITH

CHARACTERISTIC REMINISCENCES,

FRAGMENTS AND OPINIONS.

BY AN OFFICER OF RANK.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page

INTRODUCTION xi

FIRST DAY AFLOAT.—BY A MIDDY.
Alarms—Anomalies—Origin of Horse Marines 1

A MÊLÉE.
Cornwallis's Retreat—with the 'First of June'—a Galley Story 22

LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE LOG OF A CAPTAIN.
A Post-Admiral's Dinner Minuted—Pleasing Formalities—Private Yachts, &c..... 37

NAVAL INVENTIONS.
Officers *versus* Mechanics—Inman—Seppings—Captains Pakenham, Phillips, Hayes, Burton, Truscott, Lieutenant Halahan, &c. 44

NAVAL ANOMALIES.

Page

Affectionate Friends—"More Yes than No"—Jack a Zoologist—Jack a Statesman—Wooden Intellects—*Meum* and *Teum*—Once a Captain always a Captain 61

NAVAL AUTHORS.

Remarks on the literary Productions of Admiral Collingwood, Captains Parry, Francklin, Heywood, Lyon, Smith, Cochrane, Hall, Goldsmith, and Heathcott—Marshall's Biography—Naval Histories—Inconsistencies, Infidelities and Fallacies of James—Observations on Captain Brenton's Naval History—"Popularity of the R.N. Service, &c. 75

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN 122

SUPERSTITION OF SEAMEN.

Belief in Ghosts and Goblins—Abhorrence of Friday—"Mother Cary"—her Chickens 138

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

A Galley Story—The Ghost..... 145

TAX ON COMMISSIONS..... 155

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Vagaries—Periodical Fires—Courts of Judicature—Judges—Benbow on the Bench—Colonial Press—

Page

Contributions of Naval Officers—Recreations in Rhyme, by the Lieges of St. John's 160

NAVAL CLUB-HOUSE.

Strenua nos exercet inertia—Club-house Scenes and Society—Dismals in December 200

COAST BLOCKADE.

Romance, founded on Fact 213

JACK'S ECCENTRICITIES.

British Bull-Dogs—A Nondescript—A Sea-Bull—Double Dealing—No-way Nice, or Nautical Nuptials—Synonymous Terms—Swindling the Sharks—Jack a Leg—Lost and Found—Extraordinary Resolution in a Sailor—*Literæ Scriptæ*, or Forced-meat Balls—Glory, or Glauber Salts—Matrimonial Motives 230

NAVAL GUNNERY.

Inventions—Sights—Spirit Level—Sir P. Broke—Captain Peechell 253

CHEERING IN ACTION.

Encouragement—Instances: *La Nymphe*, *Colossus*, *Phœnix*, Captain Baker—*Meander*, *Barfleur*, Sir George Martin—*Shannon*. 259

Page

ROYAL MARINES.

Discipline — Effectiveness — Broad-Sword Exercise— Large Establishment essential 266

DISCIPLINE.

Rewards—Punishments—Emulation—Temper 274

DEDICATED,

WITH

THE SINCEREST RESPECT,

TO

THE BRITISH NAVY,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

At a period when every class or profession in society, from the merchant to the humblest mechanic, has its association, its magazine, its newspaper, it would be almost impertinent to apologize for presenting the public with a view of the habits, manners, and peculiarities of a profession, equally distinguished by the splendour of its achievements and the originality of its character—at once the essential protection of our mercantile enterprize, the nurse of British independent feeling, and the constitutional security of our maritime great-

ness and national prosperity. Whilst every other subject of general policy or professional interest has been discussed and examined with all the eyes of Argus, our marine, with its services, claims, discipline, privations, and hardships, has escaped that scrutinizing ordeal imposed on every thing else by the growth of information, and the zeal for improvement. From an overweening delicacy on the part of the profession, the redress of grievances, the remedy of evils, with the suggestion of either alteration or improvement in the principle of discipline of the service, have been left almost entirely in the hands of public Boards, and the difficulties of professional subjects have deterred the pen of the uninitiated from the task. Hence it happens that, from the sphere of its action and services being remote, it may, with truth, be

observed, that (unless in a period of war, when the public is sometimes treated with the meagre notice of a naval victory in the Gazette) the mass, even of reading, intelligent Englishmen, is unacquainted with, or uninterested in the welfare or concerns of that force, on which our existence as a nation solely depends. In the absence of authentic information, the field is left open to conjecture, and fiction naturally steps in to aid the imagination. Even Dibdin, who unites often fine poetic feeling with a noble and devoted patriotism in his sea-songs, repeatedly raises a blush for the nautical ignorance he betrays. The absurdities detailed in graver publications, as to the conduct and character of sailors, would be amusing, were it not for the false, and often unfavourable impressions they create of the service.

Of such a character and tendency is the extract we subjoin, entitled "LORD NELSON'S HUMANITY," which, unluckily for the profession, has gone the rounds, and been copied into almost every paper throughout the kingdom—a proof, at least, that professional subjects are still matter of general interest.

"Lord Nelson was loth to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged, as he termed it, 'to endure the torture of seeing men flogged,' he came out of his cabin with hurried steps, ran *into* the gangway, *made his bow to the marine-general*, and reading the Article of War the culprit had infringed, said '*Boatswain*, do your duty.' The lash was instantly applied, and, *consequently*, the sufferer exclaimed, 'Forgive me, *Admiral*, forgive me!'—he would look round *with wild* anxiety, and, as all his

officers kept silence (when the *fellow really merited* his punishment), he would say, 'What! none of you speak for him?—Avast! cast him off! *Jack, in the day of battle remember me,* and be *a good fellow* in future!'—A poor devil was about to be flogged: he was a landsman, and few pitied him—his offence was drunkenness. As he was tying up, a *lovely* girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hands, in which were the Articles of War: 'Pray forgive him, your honour, and he shall never offend again.'—'Your *face,*' said he, 'is a security for his good behaviour—let *him go;* the *fellow* cannot be bad who has such a *lovely creature* in his care.' The *man rose* to be a *lieutenant;* his name was William Pye."

Absurdities here crowd so thickly upon

us, that it is impossible to fix the attention on any one in particular. We have an *Admiral* inspecting punishment, and a *General of marines* doing a *subaltern's* duty. In point of fact, there never is a General of marines on board; and in case of punishment, the Admiral is never present—his captain does the duty. The "hurried step" and "wild anxiety" well become the cool deliberate hero who, at Copenhagen, when in imminent danger and in the heat of action, calmly and deliberately sealed with wax his summons to the Danes to surrender, observing, "that a wafer might discover hurry or anxiety." And for whom is all this "anxiety?" For a "fellow who really merited punishment." The low vulgarity and gasconade of phrase, "Jack, in the day of battle remember me," is an insult to the memory of an accomplished gentleman and the

brightest ornament of the profession. The narrative is equally false:—previous to punishment, the "ship's corporal" always orders the women below. Here a "lovely girl" rescues "a poor devil of a landsman, whose offence was drunkenness, and whom few pitied," from the lash, because Nelson who, as we observed, could not be present, fancied her face, and argued like a fool. To complete the fable, and give a theatrical termination to the farce, the drunken landsman leaves the gangway to ascend the quarter-deck, and becomes a lieutenant! Thrice lucky Mr. Pye!!! The late Tom Sheridan has a similarly brilliant conception in the comic song called "*Billy Taylor.*" But Sheridan had imbibed more theatrical tact from his father; and by giving it an air of romance, completed the absurdity.—"Billy Taylor's" *sweet-*

heart is made lieutenant* of the "*Thunder*-Bomb."

Sailors are thus unfortunate in more respects than one. Generally, when they sit for a portrait, the canvass is made to glow with all the characteristic traits of a bold, generous, reckless ruffian. This might be endured, because it is at once detected as a caricature;† but the indignity we feel

* "When her captain come to diskiver
The glorious action what she'd done,
Then he made her first leaftenant
Of the gallant *Thunder*-Bomb."

† To shew that instances of this species of nautical jargon and murder of common sense are not unfrequently palmed on the public as the genuine effusions of our tars, we quote from a daily paper another very recent and elaborate anecdote, which, for confusion of ideas, absurdity, and ignorance, out-Herods all preceding specimens of rhodomontade:—

"An honest tar was heard to describe the dress of his wife thus —'On my return from the Cape, she was so *bamboozled* in all her *rigging*, that I hardly knew her *stem* from her *stern*; and as to her *midships*, that was lumbered up with a vengeance! Even her *studding-sails were all a-peak*;‡ her *clue-garnets* a-foul of her *reef-tackle*: and her *fore-sheet*

‡ What nonsense!

most disposed to resent, consists in mingling in the picture the maudlin mawkish attributes of the puling writer himself. The sailor becomes in such hands perfectly metamorphosed, so that his intimates would not recognize in the sketch their blunt, honest, warm-hearted acquaintance; acting ever on false sentiment, and aping the flippant nonsense of a French novelist, he is represented as a being at once averse to his duty, and wincing like a woman under punishment. Thus, in his feeling degraded, in his distress robbed of dignity, the British tar appears but a bully in war, and a mendicant in peace.

As a corrective for an evil so serious in its consequences, and to set Jack's character right in the opinion of his countrymen,

so *lubberly belaid* to her *cat-head*, that, on *putting her about*, I soon found she *missed stays*, and away she went, bomb ashore, on the rocks of *Scilly!*"

a few original "Galley-stories," which we would fain presume are not destitute of the *vraisemblance*, are added, to serve as an illustration of his opinions of duty, motive, religion, men, and manners ashore and afloat. However the tales may be disguised in professional allusions, or the vernacular of the forecastle, they have each a clear, intelligible moral.

Possibly the chapters which will most require something to be said in their defence, will be imagined to be those relative to the "Naval Club-House." It is only doing justice to our motives, here to premise, generally, that the characters sketched are imaginary; and that nothing can be farther from our intention than to censure institutions of this nature. A club on liberal principles is, doubtless, advantageous, if not essential to the interests and well-

being of the profession ; more particularly in a period of peace. In the reminiscences of the past, and the collision of enlightened opinion, young emulation gleans from the harvest of veteran experience, and learns to glow with patriot ardour. From personal observation, corroborated by the concurrent opinion of professional friends, we have, however, been led to infer, that there existed *some* reason to apprehend the system was defective, and the means substituted for the end.

Of the more serious papers, relative to tactics, naval improvements, punishments, and discipline, it is only necessary to say here, that, though the result of long experience and constant employment, they are submitted with great deference, and even diffidence, to the service, in the present bright

and promising day-spring of professional attainment.

For our review of the principal modern works from the pens of naval men, we, without anticipating what may be the opinion of the reader as to its justice on perusal, confidently calculate on its being favourably received by professional writers, who have hitherto had the hard fortune only to be criticized by "men of letters," or critics by profession, not one of whom ever took a helm in hand or saw a shot fired; and, though it may appear an extraordinary waste of time, in the present day, when a critique on a quarto of 600 pages is prepared for publication in a shorter time than it would take to read one-tenth of it with attention, we can assure each writer noticed we have always read his work before presuming to pronounce any opinion.

An idea begins to gain ground amongst the veterans of the profession, that the *matériel* of the common sailor has of late years undergone a great alteration—that he is no longer the same gay, unsuspecting, artless being, whose minute garrulity, rambling episodes, and figurative phraseology, every cadence of which was marked by the oscillation of a long *queue* of hair reaching to his waist, never failed to detain a landsman's ear, and render him the hero of every group in which he mingled; in a word, they presume very generally that the spirit of the *tar* is fled with the *tail.*

To administer consolation to the sympathetic yearnings of these lovers of the fast-fading glories of the tar, we have picked out a few relics of the genuine *antique,* y'clept *Eccentricities.* Having almost all come within the writer's knowledge and

observation, they are presumed to be at least genuine specimens, which, like fossil organic remains, may serve to resuscitate to the fancy a race long since extinct. How far the Work may have redeemed these pledges must, however, be left to the reader to determine.

Cheltenham,
December 1825.

THE

NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

FIRST DAY AFLOAT;

BY A MIDDY.

———Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move them more
Than our reason. SHAKSPEARE.

Twelve years had scarcely slipped over my head, when, in the year 1800, I entered His Majesty's naval service, as mischievous as a whelp, and with as much of the devil in my disposition, as any boy of equal age; circumstances which, perhaps, more than any thing else, had induced my friends to consider me peculiarly calculated

for the service, although neither the youngest nor most stupid of the sons of my father.*

The ship to which I was destined was commanded by Captain ——, who bore the character of a gentlemanly, good-natured fellow, which however was then deemed quite incompatible with the duties of a commander: an opinion, happily for both young and old placed under his control, not considered perfectly orthodox in the present day. On my arrival at Deal, I waited on him at his lodgings, and was agreeably surprised at the kindness of his reception.

After looking merely at the signatures of a large assortment of introductory letters, and putting my patience to the proof, by repeating the customary lecture on such occasions, his bell summoned the steward, a brawny, well-looking, woolly-headed black, to receive the order for putting me on board with all possible despatch;

* There is, no doubt, some allusion here to naval biography. The repartee alluded to is said to have been made by an officer to the rough compliment of some naval Duke.

the captain adding at parting to the steward, "you'll tell the first-lieutenant to let one of the steadiest midshipmen shew the young gentleman the lions."—The mandate was received by my sable conductor with an indistinct mutter, through tusks that shone, by contrast with his skin, like pearls,—every feature of his face, and agitation of his body, denoting the most perfect submissiveness and obedience. Agitation is always contagious, and I began to suspect, from the conduct of the black, that we were fast approaching the dread confines of the region of terror. My convictions were strengthened by the silence which was subsequently preserved. Having repaired to the "*Hoop and Griffin*," to ship my traps, we proceeded, accompanied by a porter, across the shingle to the beach, off which the barge was lying outside the surf at a grappling. The crew consisted of ten or eleven sun-burnt, rugged, long-tailed tars, under the charge of a youngster, who, in every respect but the air of authority he assumed, seemed 'my other self.' His

complexion, it was evident, had not been exposed to sun or wind, and he wore gloves, which, like his face, were of a dazzling whiteness. The grappling was soon weighed, I was bundled in by the bowman, and, to use his expression, the barge was 'shoved alongside of the barky* in the twinkling of a bed-post.'

Although a mere boy, never shall I forget the overwhelming and indefinable impression made on my mind upon reaching this wonderful and stupendous floating structure. The immensity of the hull, height of the masts, and largeness of the sails, which had been loosened to dry, so far exceeded every anticipation I had formed, that I continued, unmindful of what was going on in the boat, to gaze on her in dumb amazement, until awakened from my stupor by the coxswain, who now gruffly exclaimed,—"Come, master! come! mount a' reevo, 'less you mean to be boat-keeper."

The youngster, who had not opened his lips on the passage, now turned round to give vent to a

* *Jack's* fancy phrase for a favourite ship.

repartee, which, from its homeliness, served materially to humble him in my estimation.—"Give us none o' your jaw, Mr. Jones," said this young Triton, scampering up with the Black close at his heels. I now seized the side-rope, and was assisted in my awkward attempt by the coxswain, who followed in my wake, no doubt looking out for a "slippery-bend."

Being safely landed* on the quarter-deck of the frigate, I literally shrunk back through a feeling of intense admiration, approaching to awe, at the scene which presented itself; where nautical neatness, accurate arrangement, intricate machinery, and moving masses of men, completed the illusion, and overwhelmed the mind with the gigantic grandeur of the whole.

As I cautiously stepped on the deck, my eyes attracted by the alternate whiteness of the planks and polished ebony of the parallel caulking, my ears were assailed by sounds which seemed to threaten danger aloft, proceeding from the thun-

* "Landed on deck"—a nautical anomaly.

der-like claps of the shivering sails, as they hung in the brails, and flapped their huge wings in the wind.

In this state of apprehension from undefined danger, and motionless as a statue, I felt myself pulled by the sleeve. The Black had been enjoying my surprise, and now motioned me to make my obeisance to a vulgar-looking, squat, round-shouldered man, whose obliquity of vision exposed every being he looked at to a sort of cross fire, from eyes which appeared to have a roving commission. A 'voice like a boatswain' had been a phrase with my father, and the association was revived by the Stentor-like tones of this strange-looking person, who was dressed in a blue white-edged coat, which displayed here and there a few straggling anchor-buttons of different dies; to which was added a buff, soup-spotted vest, a pair of tarred nankeen trowsers, and an old battered broad-brimmed leathern hat. This homely habit, with divers distinguishable daubings of pitch or white-wash on his back, naturally in-

duced me to conclude he could be no other than the Boatswain. I was soon undeceived, on hearing the steward deliver to him the captain's message relative to myself, which at once decided me as to his rank.

I am still at a loss to account for the apprehensions with which he inspired me, but I already felt myself retreating from a form so unprepossessing; possibly from the consciousness that I was a scrape-grace, and that, as our fire-side circle had long since assured me, my offences were all discernible in my face. Already had sable Jack muttered in a half-terrified tone, aided by divers agitations and shiverings, resembling ague fits, the wishes of the captain relative to myself, when this modern Caliban, pulling up his trowsers with one hand, whilst with the other he boused forward the peak of his tarnished shirt-collar, swaggeringly exclaimed, "Well, youngster, here you are,—just like a young bear,—all your troubles before you!"—Often when a child had I been dubbed a cub by my mother, and it

now for the first time flashed across my imagination, that I was fated in due course of time to become such a bear as that now before me.—"But never mind!" he continued,—"make a man o' you, my boy!—born, of course, with a silver spoon in your mouth?—want to come in at the cabin windows, I suppose?—ever heard of the hawse-holes?*—eh?—Got your traps in?—chest and bedding!—Well, get your hammock slung—rope-grummets, lanyards, lashings, and nettles whipped,† you know!"—"Nettles, whips, and lashings;" thought I. The Black's late trembling was no longer a mystery—it was now all as plain as a pikestaff—nothing but terror and torture!—"'Cause," continued he, "none o' your 'midshipman's rolls,' you know!—we'll have no greyhounds or 'nippers' in the nettings."‡

* The holes in the bows of the ship through which the cables pass.

† To bind twine round the ends of the geer appertaining to a hammock, so as to prevent them from fagging-out.

‡ Term applied to hammocks having a lean, or thin appearance,

And then leaving me, equally astonished by his volubility, and at a loss for the meaning of this unintelligible jargon, he, without waiting a reply, thundered through a speaking-trumpet, with which he had been previously thumping the head of a marine—"Turn the hands up, furl sails."

In an instant the frigate appeared a chaos afloat. Scarcely had he uttered the words before the command was repeated by the boatswain and his mates, who were piping and roaring down the hatchways*—"Tumble up, tumble up from below." Seamen in swarms were now flying up the ladders, shaking the ship to her centre, and making the decks answer like spring-boards to the clattering of four or five hundred feet.

The lower shrouds were instantly crowded

after having been lashed-up for stowage in the nettings upon deck.

* In well-regulated ships this practice is considered inconsistent with discipline. One voice, and one pipe, is as good as fifty; silence is the soul of subordination.

en masse, not a soul daring to ascend until the word—"way-aloft" was given; when, as if loosed by magic, they started, by hundreds together, up the rigging.

However beautiful, in a seaman's eye, the precision and rapidity of this manœuvre; in me it excited the most lively apprehension for the safety of the sailors. My nerves were on the rack as they ran out on the yards, on which they balanced their bodies, whilst their countless hands were busied with the most indescribable rapidity in gathering up the folds of the canvas. Every moment I expected they would "topple from the giddy height," and pitch headlong on deck as they "tossed up" the sails in their arms.

The bustle and bellowing below and aloft increased with the exertions of the men.—Here an officer was heard cheering the seamen, whilst others resorted to curses, to expedite them in their duty. "Bear a-hand, boys, bear a-hand!" was heard in several quarters of the ship, and an occasional "blast you!" startled all my school-

taught notions of propriety; whilst the shrill tones of the "young gentlemen"* in the tops, pierced the ear with—"Lie-in, there—lie-in, you lubberly rascals! lie-in."

Amidst all this noise and bustle, I might have preserved something like self-possession, but for the continued recurrence of phrases, anomalous in their application, and often ominous and alarming in their signification. "See, sir," says an officer on the forecastle, "you might shove your head through that earing."—That must be a thumper, thought I—"What are those *hands* about," says another, "that they don't *foot*-it down in the bunt?"—"Fore to'-sail yard, there!" cried a third—"Why don't you stop that 'Flemish horse'† up?"—I had heard something of the "Horse Marines,"* and immediately con-

* The midshipmen are always thus designated, by both superiors and inferiors.

† A rope under the yard, on which the man at the extreme end of it stands to support himself in reefing or furling the topsail.

‡ *Horse Marines*,—A shrewd conjecture may be hazarded as to

cluded one of the Flanders breed of their cattle had broke loose from the yard where they had been at livery.

My mind was already labouring under the most bewildering influence: but how was I horror-struck when I heard Bruno bellow out—"D—n those fellows' bl—ds on the main-topsail-yard, —why don't they tuck-in those '*dead-men*'* out

the high antiquity and utility of a mounted force on board of our ships of war, by referring to the history of our navy, so far back as the time of Admiral Blake, who, strange to say, was rather a horse-sailor than a horse-marine, having been appointed by Cromwell from a colonel of dragoons to the command of a fleet. The splendour of his subsequent career as an admiral, proved that his previous application to equestrian exercises on shore had not unfitted him for aquatic duties——

——"quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore."—

How has the corps been falling into contempt since that gallant admiral's time! In Harry the Eighth's reign, the largest ship in his navy was entrusted to the management of the "*Master of Horse*" to the King—Sir Thomas Knyvett.

* Sailors designate by the term *Dead-men* the platted reef-points of the sails when carelessly hanging beneath the yard, when the sail is furled.

of sight!"—What a monster! thought I; he has been the cause of some accident, which has escaped general notice, and his object clearly is to avoid, by concealment, a coroner's inquest. Now, indeed, I began to wish myself at home,† although not for worlds would I have confessed it. In about a quarter of an hour the bustle was at an end, and comparative order restored. But what I had already witnessed continued still to exert a stupifying influence over my faculties. Leaning on the wheel, I was beginning to indulge in moody contemplation (none of the "young gentlemen" as yet having shewn me the lions, though it must be confessed such a surfeit had I of one bear, that little curiosity remained for an introduction to any more savage animal of this menagerie afloat,) when a familiar whack on the shoulder, and the authoritative phrase, "Youngster! no lounging!" apprized me I was once more

* We could have wished our young hero had not descended to an obvious plagiary of Irish pathos:—"I left my home, and it was a happy home."—*Vide Counsellor O'Connel's Speech.*

honoured by the lieutenant's notice, who, pointing below, briefly said, "You'll dine in the gun-room to-day;" an invitation I would fain have declined, through a well-founded apprehension that he would be of the party. The tone, however, was sufficiently imperative to convince me that Bruno's sovereign authority was not to be trifled with. I had no choice left—nor let the reader imagine, for a moment, that my compliance wes not to the full as hearty and gracious, as the invitation was attractive and polite.

Dinner being at last announced by beat of drum, down flew the officers, helter-skelter, to the gun-room, the start being decidedly in favour of the lieutenant of marines, a light-infantry-like figure of about fifteen-stone weight. The surgeon, however, who appeared to be the most civilized civilian* on board, struck with my forlorn situation, returned, and looking up the hatchway, beckoned me good-naturedly to follow him below.

* The surgeon, purser, and chaplain, are commonly designated by the appellation of civilians.

Encouraged by this kindness, I descended cautiously both the quarter and main deck ladders leading to the steerage, abaft which, in the gun-room, dinner was served up. Thither my guide and I groped our way in the dark, breaking our shins against the midshipmen's chests, which I have been since led to believe, from an intimate acquaintance with the tricks of these 'young gentlemen,' had been thus premeditatedly placed in the gangway for the annoyance of *Bruno*, or, as the law phrase has it, "to inflict on him some grievous bodily harm." Experience enabled my guide to tread, with comparative security, the dark

> ——————————"Abyss,
> And through the palpable obscure, find out
> His uncouth way."

to a dismal dungeon-like looking place, flanked on each side by a row of miserably cramped cribs, called cabins. Overhead there was certainly what, by some poetic license, continued to be denominated a skylight; but, as to any light afforded, it might as well have been under foot,

most of the panes in its frame having been fractured, and unpainted patches of solid wood substituted for what had once been transparent glass.

The members of the mess were already seated: a smoky vapour arising from the steam of the dishes, which was unable to effect its escape, in consequence of the lowness of the decks, enveloped the busy group. At the head of the table sat a pale, calculating, anxious-looking, middle-aged man, whose sole pretension to any thing like uniform consisted in wearing a cross-anchor button on a plain blue coat. A short bull-headed black boy attended behind the president's chair, whom the reader has already recognized as the purser. At the foot sat the officer of marines, whose easy contented air and portly person formed a lively contrast with the meagre figure at the head, who appeared conjointly with him to rule the roast at table. He was supported by a private of his party, one pace in the rear; a bolt-upright, grim-looking *jolly*,* whose head and the

* *Jolly*—a marine.

beams above were perpetually in collision. His leathern false tail, as stiff and polished as a poker, oscillating to and fro, amidst clouds of pipeclay effecting its escape whenever he moved from all parts of his uniform, proved an irresistible source of mirth to most of the young urchins in attendance, but particularly Massa Pompey, despite of an occasional knock on his pate from the purser.

Bruno, the second, and third lieutenants, both young men of an agreeable exterior, the master, a broad North-Shields-man; one of the "young gentlemen," (a venerable Mid, about forty), the surgeon, and myself constituted the dinner party. The first lieutenant sat nearest the door, to be, as he termed it, "ready for a bolt," and evinced great impatience for his dinner. Perceiving the officer of marines loosening his sash to prepare for ground-tier stowage, he gruffly exclaimed, "d—n your belly-band soldier! bear a-hand and bale out the soup—think every one an 'idler' like yourself?" This appellation I soon

perceived, from his alacrity in cutting and hewing down every thing edible within his reach, was altogether inapplicable to our good-humoured Vice.

Soup had scarcely been served, before the midshipman of the watch came running into the gun-room, to inform the first lieutenant the signal from the admiral's office had been made to unmoor. "Pass the 'messenger,'"* says Bruno, "and when 'brought to,' let me know." The poor messenger (for I was not then aware that it was a rope) appeared to me to be brought up rather roughly, for upon the gentleman's acquainting the lieutenant, "there was an 'elbow' in the hawse," he opened a volley of abuse on both the midshipman and the master, for allowing "the ship to go the wrong way."†—Wrong

* A small kind of cable, which, being brought to the capstern, and the cable by which the ship rides made fast to it, purchases the anchor.

† When a ship is moored in a tidesway, and swings on the change of the tide in a contrary direction from that which she

way! Heavens! thought I, has any thing gone right?—"Here's the devil to pay, Mr. Soundings, and no pitch hot," said he to the master; then addressing the midshipman, he added in a more temperate tone, "Lash the cables and unsplice the lee-one—and when the bowlines are rove, turn the hands up clear hawse." In about ten minutes' time, agreeably to Bruno's direction, the hands were turned up. All but the 'idlers' left the gun-room, who now began to push about the bottle: I, too, was preparing to rise; when Bruno pulled me back in my chair, and exclaimed, "D—n all volunteering, youngster! 'tis a good dog does what he's told."

The hawse had been cleared, and the ship unmoored, before the arrival of the captain brought me upon deck. After having been received by all the officers, he gave directions to weigh; the capstern bars were immediately "shipped, swifted-in," and manned. A per-

should, so as to keep her hawse clear, or cables from crossing, she is then said to have "gone the wrong way."

petual succession of figures, whirling in a circle to the ceaseless cry of the officers, "Heave round, heave round, my lads!" at first dazzled my eyes, and soon rendered me giddy. The anchor being "hove up," and sail made on the ship, she gracefully yielded to the pressure of her canvass, and soon entered a sea, highly agitated by the opposition of the wind and tide.

As my giddiness increased, I clung to the railing of the lee gangway; my sight began to fail, yet to complain I knew was useless: sea-sickness, like the tooth-ache, excites little sympathy. One of the stay-sail sheets flapping about now swept my hat overboard; and, as I stooped to trace its descent, a violent retching and deadly sickness overpowered me. Just then I heard a loud laugh, accompanied by a sneering compliment from the lieutenant, upon the youngster's punctuality in "casting up his accounts" so soon:—this insult totally unnerved me; home—kindred—parents—flashed on my recollection; and, hanging helplessly my bare

head over the side, I abandoned myself to my grief, and wished I had never been born.

The object of this memoir of the first few hours afloat can hardly be misunderstood. It cannot fail to assist youth in balancing the account as to the inducements and discouragements to embrace the profession. It must, however, be a subject of congratulation to their parents, as well as of satisfaction to officers themselves, on the score of personal feeling, that, however just the picture here drawn, many desirable regulations have been introduced into the Navy since 1800, so as to soften down the asperities of command, and remove those stumbling-blocks which are too often wantonly flung in the path of enterprizing young men, on entering a profession, whose duties are at all times sufficiently laborious, responsible and arduous.

A MÊLÉE.

CORNWALLIS'S RETREAT; WITH THE FIRST OF JUNE:

A GALLEY STORY.

THAT sailors are a remarkably plain, downright race, no man acquainted with their character will deny. Devoid of all guile, a seaman never seeks to disguise his object; though he may sometimes be found "veering and hauling" to get rid of some difficulty which he imagines lies in his way. His narrative resembles a ship's course in working to windward, which is fain to yield obliquely to the blast, in order to weather her object indirectly, and fetch her port

in the end: for though in a conversational cruize he may make twenty digressions, and fly off in chase of every strange sail heaving in sight, no sooner has he "run-'em down," than he will "close-haul his wind," and resume his original course—as in the following sketch of Cornwallis's celebrated retreat.

"Come, Jem, spin us a yarn," says one of the forecastlemen to another, one night as we were cruizing in company with the "Channel fleet" which were blockading Brest.—"Come, Jem, you've neither tipped us a stave, or spun us a twist this week."—"Well, as it's a fine moon-light night," says Jem, "and no signs of reefing, and moreover, as that 'ere 'jib-and-staysail Jack'*

* A nick-name given by men-of-war's-men to those officers, who, from either inexperience or an unnecessary display of the martinet, torment the men, when a ship is attached to a fleet, by perpetually "making and shortening sail" to keep her in her station.

hasn't charge o' the deck, but a gemman, as can keep the ship in her station without worrying the watch—I doesn't care if I do.

"Well, I believe I was telling you t'other night, there was three or four o' us drafted from the *Brunswick*, seventy-four, into the *Billyruffin** —(the Ball-o'-rope-yarns, you know)—a ship as seed more sarvice nor any other what swam the seas. I did my duty in both ships alike—bowman o' the barge, and second-captain o' the foretop—and, though I says it that shouldn't, could toss a bow-oar and haul-out a weather earing with any fellow in the fleet. Well, you see, the time I means, we belonged to a squadron of five sail o' the line, two frigates and a brig, under old Billy blue,† as brave a fellow as ever wore

* *Bellerophon.*—It is a curious coincidence, that this ship, which will be found in naval history to have been more frequently engaged with the French than any other British man-of-war, should have been the ship on board of which Buonaparte took refuge after his flight from Waterloo.

† Admiral Cornwallis.

a flag; and as we were running along the land one morn, close aboard the Penmarks, you see—to conitre, as they calls it, a French squadron as was skulking in Billile anchorage—down comes a galley-packet on the lower deck, to say as how the *Fee-aton* frigate had diskivered more nor thirty sail of the enemies' fleet standing-out on a wind, with every stitch they could crack. Well, you know, before you could turn the quid in your mouth, there was a nitty fore and aft in the ship.

"We'd three or four bullocks 'twixt the guns on the main deck, we'd got from a ship as either comed from Cawsand or Torbay; and blow me if I don't think they nosed the French were in sight, for they tarned to a-bellowing like a bunch of boatswains. Well, just as we'd turned the hands-up make sail, one on 'em breaks from his birth (seeing as how it wasn't for the second-captain of the fore-top to be lagging astarn on the forecastle ladder): he runs aboard o' me tail o'nend, takes me clean under the counter with

one of his horns, and heaves me from the waist half way up the weather fore rigging, over the heads of all the other topmen."—"Why, Jem, a send like that was enough to have started your starn-post," said one of the group which had assembled between the sick-bay and starboard side of the galley-grate. "It's as true as I am here," said Jem, "and I took such a liking to the beast for it, that a'ter he was killed, cut-up in the coppers, and his hide hung-out on the spritsail-yard-arm, I gives a half-pint o' grog to the butcher to make a marlingspike out o' the very dientical horn what gave me the heave.

"Well, howsomever, we clapped on the canvass, and badgered along 'on a bowline': all night, as we stood at our quarters, we were trimming, tacking, manuvring, and taking every 'wantage o' the wind, what was weering and hawling just like the pull of a backstay-fall; but it oftner favoured the French—for at day-light, you see, they weathered our wake, coming up with us, 'hand over fist,' in three different divisions.

"Well, there was the Brunswick and we in the Ruffin* lagging together astarn—(for it wasn't in the natur of neither to run from an enemy's fleet)—and, as they never larnt it from no one afore, no, not a leg would they willingly budge. Both on us started our water—cut our bower-anchors away—bundled o'er-board the boats from the booms—and did every thing mortal could think on to shove 'em along.

"'Well,' says Sam Smith (as was one o' the Brunswickers afore, and quartered with me in the top at the time)—'Jem,' says he, fixing his eye like a firret, and fetching a heave from his heart, as he looked at the ship as his brother was killed in—'Jem,' says Sam, 'I've just been a-thinking the Barky† was born'd to be bang'd.—I'll bet you,' says he, 'aye, six months' pay to your plush'‡ (for it happened that day I was 'cook

* An abbreviation for Bellerophon.

† *Barky*—sailors' slang for a favourite ship.

‡ On board a man-of-war, the cooks of the messes have a perquisite of the overplus grog that may remain in the 'kid' or can, after the cup has gone round.

o' the mess')—'she's sarved-out as she was the *First o' June.*'

"Aye, that was the day—and had more on 'em stuck to their birds like the *Brunswick*, there had been less breezes and bloody-noses at Sally-port-stairs.*—I shall never forget it as long as I live—we'd been trying for three days afore to bring *Crappo* to box,† but t'was only our weathermost ships (the *Ruffin* among 'em) what skrimaged at all on the first day; and as for the second day's work—why, the less we says of it the better. Then, you know, on the third and fourth, both flyers and fighters was humbugged with fogs—though the 31st, to be sure, we might have brought 'em to a general scratch afore dark; but the Admiral wisely refar it for day-light—for

* It is a well-known fact, that many hard-fought battles took place here, between the boats'-crews of Lord Howe's fleet, after the action of the first of June. When *Jack* cannot have fight in one way he will have it in another.

† The reader will here perceive that *Jack*, in his usual circumlocutory way, has lost sight for awhile of Cornwallis's retreat, to describe the part the Brunswick took in the battle of the *First* of June 1794.

*Black Dick,** you see, was summet deep in discarnment.

" Howsomever, the first o' the month was fixed for the fray. About five in the morning, just as the fog clears up, there was the Ruffin (first as usual), with the signal flying for the enemies' fleet in sight, nor'-west. There they was sure enough, about three or four points on the bow to leeward, —formed in a long line-o'-battle a-head upon the larboard tack—and over their heads there hangs a cloud as black as a hearse; as if, like the morning rainbow,† it comed from aloft to warn the poor devils of their doom. Well, we cracks on, like 'smoak and oakum,' till we brings 'em a-beam; when just as the bell strikes six, up goes the signal to ' bear-up-together a-breast'—then for the ' van to attack the enemies' van'—then for the ' centre the centre'—the ' rear the rear'—and for ' every ship to break the line,' and bang her bird.

* Nick-name given to Lord Howe in those days.

† " A rainbow in the morning
Is a sailor's warning."

Four signals was made one a'ter t'other, when one might have served; but the Admiral, you see, was determin'd *they* shou'dn't mistake him *again*. —I knows all about it, you see, for in the B. I was quartered on the poop at the signals.—Well, down we runs, three or four miles; when the Admiral, both ways bent for a belly-full, makes the general signal for breakfast—and many's the brave fellow that never bolted another. Well, you know, 'twas no time to be nice for stowing away ground-tier grub—so you may suppose every man was at his gun in a crack; and never mind, in closing with *Crappo*, if we didn't buy it with his raking broadsides. Howsomever, we was bent on the same ourselves, for just as we was passing the starn of our reg'lar anniversary in the line, and giving her a job for the glaziers abaft—her second astarn, thinking to cross our hawse and bang it tight into our bows, puts her helm a-port, just at the very moment we claps ours a starboard to luff under the lee of the *Shields**—

* L'Achille.

so slap alongside of each other we comes, as loving as a pair of pet devils. There was both of us rubbing together our bends, like a couple of lighters; and so close we clung to our bird what we clawed like a cat, 'twas mortally unpossible to haul-up one-half of our lower deck ports—so, to shorten the matter, we blows 'em clean out with the bull-dogs, and sets to a-barking and biting like Britons. Well, the ship what we grappled was called—(let's see, was't the lee—or the la,—though it must be the *lee* to be sure, 'kase she was to leeward of *we* all the while)—aye, I'm parfectly right, it *was* the lee—the lee-*Wengure* was her name—which signifies Wengeance in English—and, with a wengeance, she fought to the last.

"'Twas exactly four bells* when we opened our fire in the *Brunswick*,—and at seven or so when the Captain (God bless him!) received his death-wound. If bravery is rewarded aloft, and the sarvices of a seaman is not overlooked, he's

* Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

sure of a far better birth above nor ever he'd a'got below. But, bless your heart, he came from a boxing-breed; for if the name of *Hervey* doesn't stand for fight in the telegraph-book, then there's no other word in the world what does. But, howsomever, the Wengure and *we*—there we was, for three or four hours, hugging each other like a couple of bears—blazing away like winking, and pouring in the peas, till both ships were tarned into reg'lar-built riddles. Three times she sot us a-fire with her wads, and twice she cleared the poop of a part of the 29th foot—(for you see we'd then sogers aboard in lieu of marines):—aye, and a fine fellow, too, Captain Jackson, as commanded the party, was killed alongside me.

"About four bells in the afternoon watch* 'way goes our mizen-mast, and shortly a'ter the Wengeance's fore and main-masts. We'd dropped, clinging to each other, to leeward of both lines, and the pair on us falling into the

* Two o'clock in the afternoon.

trough o' the sea, the lower decks of both were afloat fore and aft, from the water rushing into the ports. Well, a terrible lurch breaks both ships adrift:—away goes, smack-smooth, our starboard-quarter gallery, spare and best-bower anchors. Many of our guns was disabled; and many's the poor fellow what fell, afore she signified she'd struck;—but our boats were so shivered with shot, we hadn't one as could swim what could board her—so she was claimed for a while by another, what had little to do in the business. But it warn't quite over with us yet—for, seeing our distress, down bears another eighty-four on us, with four or five hundred men, cutlash in hand, in her rigging, besides what she'd got on her decks, ready to board us. Howsomever, the biter was bit, for Captain Hervey coming up in the *Ramilies* at the time, to back his poor brother, 'twixt the *Ram* and the *Rion** she was taken herself.

"Well—by this, we fell so far to leeward, we

* Orion.

was reg'larly cut-off from our line—and in trying to get into it again, both the *Queen*, 98, and ourselves, had to buffet through twelve of the enemy's ships. The *Queen*, somehow, managed to manuver it—'sides the Charlotte, and a few others, ran down to support her. But as for the Barky—why, we as well might a-tried to have unshipped Saint Paul's, or rigged a jury-mizen-mast out of the Monument, as keep her at all by the wind:—moreover, the carpenter came aft to the officers, and reg'larly reported 'twould soon be all *up* with us, for the ship would sartainly go down, if they didn't put her 'afore it,'—so we was obligated to 'bear up' at last—a step which the Admiral sartified himself; for seeing our condition, and the signal what we made of unability to continue the action, up goes our pennants aboard the *Charlotte*, to 'part company, and proceed for the nearest port.' But, mind ye, we'd finished our work first—for afore we lost sight of the lame ducks, as well as them as was flying, the *Wengeance* disdaining, after we leaves

her, you see, to swim any longer, head-foremost goes down in the face of both fleets!—So there's an end o' the first o' June for you!—But, let's see,—where did I alter my course from Billy's retreat?*—oh, aye,—where the *Brunswick* and *Ruffin* cut-away their bower anchors and boats.—Well, you know, the Admiral was determined we'd stick by each other—so, to kiver us two bad-sailing ships,† he changes our stations with the *Mars* and *Triumph* what brought up the rear. At one time, the enemy's van thought to cut off the *Mars*, but they'd mistaken their man; for old Billy, at once seeing their manuver, bears right-round-up in the *Sovran*, and lets fly such a broadside among 'em as sends them all staggering astarn:—nor did they try it again in a hurry—for, you see, they was puzzled a bit at the *Fee-aton* a-head, what was all the time like another decoy-duck, 'letting fly her to'-gallant sheets,' firing guns, and making all sorts of false

* He now returns to Cornwallis's retreat.

† The Bellorophon and Brunswick.

signals to deceive 'em. Howsomever, to make sure of his ships, old Billy again runs down in the *Sovran* to support the *Mars*—when hailing Sir Charly,* says he 'Don't fear, my friend—have one, have all. We'll stick,' says he, 'to each other like wax, nor won't go to Werdun † for nothing. What say you, Sir Charly?' says he.—Well, he was as good as his word—for, by shewing his pluck, and manuvering in the masterly way what he did, he saved his squadron, and escaped before dark the clutches of *Crappo*. The *Mars* and *Triumph* bore the brunt of the business; but, you know, 'twas only their tarn; and as one good tarn deserves another—'take a tarn with *that*' and 'tarn-in,' for the watch is relieved."

* Sir Charles Cotton, then captain of the *Mars*.

† Verdun: French prison.

LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE LOG OF A CAPTAIN.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No! it's a temple and a hecatomb!
A solemn sacrifice performed in state!
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

POPE.

PORTSMOUTH—December 21st, shortest-day; thought it the longest—traps afloat, telegraphed for trunk—'Foul-weather flag up'—wind-bound ashore—streets deserted, even of soldiers—marine-officers moored in barracks.—Noon—regular gales—great guns and small arms—"stood-off-and-on" Admiral's office—dowsed swabs*—ditto gold-laced scraper†—shipped storm ditto—driven off the port—"bore up" for billiard-room—heard

* Epaulets. † Gold-laced cocked-hat.

mids were there!—rounded to—hauled again to the wind—remembered Captain Rigour's rebuke for shaking hands in the street with a youngster.—*Mem.* Impropriety made an impression—altered course for *Crown**—arrived safe; pored over "printed instructions."—*Query,* Captain's companion.—5. p. m. Barometer fell—rose to dress for Admiral's dinner—cursed bore—dreadful dilemma—white pantaloons at the wash.—*Mem.* Wish pompous people were less particular—thought of sending excuse; changed mind—look like contempt.—*Query,* Contempt and disrespect synonimous terms.—Resolved to rig in Wellington blues.—*Mem.* Colour suitable to sex.—Swabs No. 1 aboard; shipped No. 2—looking too old to dazzle—ditto myself.—*Mem.* Physical causes:—protracted war, effects of the peace.—5° 30′—Rigged, rough and ready—looked alternately at watch and weather—thought time unusually long—ditto invitation—grand entertainment—

* *The* Inn.

Query, A misnomer.—Practised in glass asking Admiral's wife to wine—detected by sudden *entrée* of waiter.—"Glass of wine, did you say, sir?" Took up the cue—"Yes, wine and water, if you please." *Mem.* Lock door when dress for the future.—Six on the stroke—suspense relieved—brother-officers meet—blaze of bullion—boyish commanders buzzing about like blue-bottle flies—modern Benbows as drowsy as drones.—Weigh in co. from *Crown*—cross over to Admiral's.—6° 15′, Sight of flag—salute ditto.—Reserved reception—Sir Stately as stiff as a steeple—quarter deck bows—official faces.—Females aloof, moored on the "Mother-bank."—Ankles in sight.—Running-rigging unrove—lower ditto reported want lifting—"gone in the service." Glances at galleoner—no go; not a marrying man.—Sir Stately standing—ditto captains.—*Query*, Official forms compatible with politeness.—*Mem.* Dignity, respect and chair-covers, equally preserved.—Novel conversation—state of weather—*Mem.* Wished to have weathered the state.

Dinner announced—Dreadful ceremony—awkward advances—squad under-weigh for parlour—formidable force—ladies under lofty sail.—Pride and prudery on opposite tacks.—Senior post-captain, post of honour, convoys Admiral's lady below. —*Mem.* Commodore's of convoy heavy charge—daughters independent of protection:—" risk the run."*—*Query*, Bales or ballast.—Private signal from female flag for galleoner to come within hail—signal *seen*, though not understood.—*Query*, Relative rank of Admirals' and Aldermen's daughters. —Napkins unfurled—soup served out—demolished.—Awful pause—relieved by remove and clattering of plates.—Tedious forms of table—female flag on the fidgets.—Good things going into mouths: none coming out—taciturn talents of all.—Admiral aground for dignified diction—shored-up by pompous deportment.—Nauticals discussed at the foot—Admiral's conversation beginning to float.—Brief questions—quick replies—"honour of wine?" —*Query*, Pleasure.—Ladies libelling with looks.—

* A nautical phrase, signifying ships which run without convoy.

Stupidity at high-water mark—tide turns at top of table—champagne operates.—Flag forgetting the formals;—opens his fire to port—suddenly silenced by look from female flag—grey mare—*Mem.* "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." —Cloth removed—happy release.—Random shots from galleoner levelled at ladies—regular rakers —hard hits—cut-up consequence—wound pride —"pomp and vanity anti-matrimonial properties." —"Proud girls like rusty guns, never go off"— "Remain on hands"—"Old-maids"—"Shoved on the shelf"—"Lap-dogs at last."—Huffs—visible effects of anger—alternate York and Lancaster—wine declined.—Absence of Admiral, consequent embargo on decanters in port—port in decanters. —Nuts cracking—no jokes.—Dessert despatched —toast—silence resumed.—Somniferous symptoms apparent: gaping 'long the larboard line, ditto starboard.—Admiral's top-lights beginning to blink—secretaries sealed;—roused by itinerant fidlers in the street striking-up "We're a' Nodding;" and "Home, sweet Home."—*Mem.*

Thought home more sweet than ever.—"Music hath charms."—Bottle on the alert.—Female flag prepares to weigh.—Reeves running, and top-gallant-studding-sail geer.—Motions observed by daughters—followed by ditto—fumble fingers of gloves—"heave short"—"cast to port"—fill—make all possible sail—part co.—*Mem.* Satisfactory faces mutual.—"Squadron close round Admiral"—ditto released from conjugal restrictions.—Affected facetiousness—captains conversable—reserve resumed by flag.—Interesting interrogatories—novelties;—"Sail well?"—"Weatherly ship?"—"Good sea-boat?"—"Well mann'd?"—"Many mids?"—Dignified duty performed.—Deplorable solemnity.—Silence again broken.—Commissioner starting subject of yacht-sailing—severe remarks upon proprietors aping men-of-war's-men—folly of observing complimentary forms—farcical parade of "piping side,"* and peers

* It is a well-known fact the proprietors of some of the private yachts now-a-days insist on having the same honours paid them as captains of men-of-war are accustomed to receive on board

wearing pendants—unanimous determination to douse them.—*Mem.* "So much for Buckingham," *Shakspeare.* Discussion dropped—wine on the wane—"stoppers over all"—"glass of Madeira?" —*Mem.* Signal for sailing—prepare to weigh—weigh—follow flag in succession to drawing-room —rouse ladies from loungers—*Query*, Asleep.—Hoist in coffee—stow away tea—*Mem.* Scald despatched—signal squad "have permission to part company"—ditto prepares to trip and salute —dexterous finesse of female flag—detains galleoner—obvious preparations for pleasantry.—Squad salute and part co. for *Crown*—mystery unravelled upon arriving without—shouts of laughter within—music and amusements commence.—*Mem.* PLEASURES OF A PORT ADMIRAL'S DINNER, A PROBLEM, Q E D.

their respective ships: and there are, we regret to say, cases of officers, who, having accepted the command of these vessels, still submit, extraordinary to relate, to the degradation of being excluded from the chief cabin, when there are dinners given on board, though compelled on such occasions to take their meal apart with the steward.—This is insult with a vengeance!

NAVAL INVENTIONS.

AN observation has often been made, and it is to be regretted with too much truth, that in proportion to the period of years which have elapsed since England and America became, respectively, great maritime powers, fewer mechanical improvements have been made and adopted in our navy than in that of the comparatively infant state.

To acquire a knowledge of the cause to which this may be attributed, it would be necessary, perhaps, to take into consideration the striking disparity between the Navies of England and America, and contrast the relative maritime resources of the two countries.

It must be obvious, that the capability of America, and the maritime resources she possesses for the maintenance of her existing navy, are much greater than those possessed by England to maintain the enormous force she feels it necessary to keep afloat. In this estimate must be included the excessive incidental expense of constant repairs of all vessels in commission, or in "ordinary," with the weighty charge of dock-yards and naval stations, all mostly kept up, whether during peace or war, in different parts of Great Britain and our foreign possessions. Our naval force may be calculated at present, as between 120 and 130 sail of vessels of war in commission, which are to be provided with stations, repairs and equipments, even in time of peace; whilst the American force consists of one or two line-of-battle ships, and perhaps half-a-dozen frigates, which, though comparatively few, are sufficient for her wants. There is, besides, a stricter attention to economy throughout the civil service of the navy (though certainly no

parsimony is ever observable on board in their armaments, equipments, or munitions of war). The American navy, therefore, acting seldom together, but detached, though maintained at less expense, not unfrequently startles by its unexpected appearance on stations, where it is matter of surprise to most, that with so small a force, she can spare from the protection of her trade vessels of war on detached services at so great a distance from her own shores. The whole mystery, however, may be explained in a word: it is more easy to equip with celerity and effect a squadron, than a fleet, and a single ship, than either. These, however, are not the only advantages which have proved so conducive to the improvement of her navy. A commander of an American man-of-war is not so confined to restricted regulations or antiquated systems, that any improvement he may suggest, as the result of either practical experience or scientific research, will not be attentively considered and fairly put to the test. Instead of difficulties being thrown in his way by

jealous artisans, or projecting underlings in dock-yards, if his plan or suggestion is approved by disinterested and competent judges, it is immediately adopted in his ship. Hitherto it has not been the case in the navy of England; although ingenuity has in some instances met its reward, it has not till very lately received from official sources considerable encouragement. Formerly, the difficulty under which a projector laboured was two-fold:—the prejudices in favour of old institutions, and of the existing state and condition of every thing afloat, were to be combated and dispelled before it was safe to attempt to demonstrate the value of a proposed improvement.* The old school of seamen consisted, and still consists, of the most prejudiced beings in

* It has been said, that *eleven* years elapsed before any of the public Boards could be prevailed on to even *look* at the ingenious and scientific plan of Captain Schanks (R. N.) for constructing vessels with "*sliding keels.*"—By perseverance he, however, succeeded in obtaining so favourable a report from the Navy Board, that two vessels were ordered to be built at Deptford, of thirteen tons each, exactly similar in all respects in regard to dimensions;

existence; nothing novel, in their opinion, was or is either safe or available. They revered, with a species of idolatry, every thing on the old plan, however tardy the process, or cumbrous the machinery; whilst they recoiled like a rusty carronade at the very name of a novel invention, which affected either to lessen manual labour or promote despatch. The most obvious improvements were ungraciously acknowledged, and rarely, if ever, adopted by the Navy Board, who imagined they had already obtained the *acmé* of perfection in nautical knowledge; and that im-

—one being formed on the old construction, and the other flat-bottomed, with sliding keels. "In 1790, a comparative trial took place, in presence of the Commissioners of the Navy, on the river Thames, each having the same quantity of sail; and although the vessel formed on the old model had leeboards, a greater quantity of ballast, and two river pilots on board, yet Capt. Schanks, with three sliding keels, beat the other, to the complete satisfaction of all present, one-half of the whole distance sailed."—There is, doubtless, a little exaggeration here as to the universality of the satisfaction evinced. The honourable commissioners, who resisted the improvement so long, could scarcely have participated in it.

provement in seamanship, or in naval architecture, was impossible, subsequent to a certain fixed period, yclep'd "the days of Howe," and "the days of Duncan;" which was as constantly in their mouths as their tobacco (for in those days the honourable commissioners did not turn up their nose, as they do now, at the ruminating luxuries of a quid, as beneath any thing but a topman or a waister).

In the early part of the French revolutionary war, *Mr. Maurice Robinson*, in the House of Commons, went at length into the subject "of the inferiority of our ships to those of the French in point of sailing, and detailed the fatal results which in consequence followed to our trade." On that occasion, Admiral Gardener (one of the Lords of the Admiralty at the time) replied: "that the complaint against the Lords of the Admiralty, with respect to the construction of vessels, was not well-founded: it being not their *business* to attend to it, but the 'Surveyors of the Navy.' He however candidly admitted that

the French ships in general outsailed us, or were on a better construction: and ours would be equally so, could some mode be adopted of procuring models upon a better plan. In France, premiums were held out to those who produced the best models for ships of the line; these were referred to the Academy of Sciences for their approbation and selection; and he was convinced, if also *premiums* were offered in this country, our naval architecture would essentially improve." The celebrated Mr. Henry Dundas (the late Lord Melville) next contended that "the reason of our remaining content with the imperfect construction of our vessels of war, was partly attributable to our confidence in the superior bravery of our officers and seamen, who, it was well known, cared little for the build* of their vessels,

* In this particular, Mr. D. was completely "out in his reckoning"—for it is well known, captains of men-of-war have ever evinced the greatest anxiety about the "*sailing*" of their ships—and some have more strictly attended to *their* "*trim*" than even to their "fighting-order."

provided they had but room to fight; and partly to the culpable *neglect* shewn to the *projects* of scientific men, which were too frequently *derided* and *contemned*."

Of the enemies of science and improvement, it is to be regretted too many formerly, and a few in later times, have even had the command of vessels in his Majesty's service, or held responsible situations on shore; and, as a natural consequence, the interests, and sometimes the honour of the service, have been sacrificed to a fatal prejudice, or that natural inertness of ill-informed minds, which is more than a match for the energy of improvement and vigour of invention, from the circumstance of its concealing its hostility under the covered way of a blunt honest dread of all innovation.

How often during the war have naval officers, (expressly for the purpose of guarding against evils which they considered almost pregnant with national disgrace) proposed improvements which have invariably met with official rejection, with-

out any other reason assigned than the mere cool formal objection, "that their adoption would be *contrary* to the *established regulations* of the service;" that is to say, contrary to the antiquated notions entertained by the old firm of Messrs. *Benbow* and Company. It may be argued, that some definite line ought to be drawn as to the encouragement of suggestions for improving the equipment of extensive establishments, were it only to act as a check on the capricious and experimental:—granted:—such an argument is not without its weight in the scale. But when the error of any established system is calmly exposed, or an appropriate and manifest improvement suggested and demonstrated; and when it is proved that its adoption must lead to the attainment of important and desirable results, would it not be more conducive to the interests of the service that the Navy Board* sanctioned

* It would be injustice not to admit that, at present, a more liberal spirit prevails at the Navy Board, which, however, may not be unattributable to the example set by the Board of Admiralty

such suggestions, at least so far as to give them a trial, or refer them to practical and

on several recent occasions. The experiments lately tried, as to the qualities and superior requisites in the sailing of ships built by the rival architects, Professor Inman, Sir Robert Seppings, and Captain Hayes, redound much to the credit of both Boards, and cannot fail to throw most important lights on the art of ship-building.

As one of the results of the encouragement afforded to improvement recently suggested, we have to congratulate the service on the late appointment by the Lords Commissioners of a committee, consisting of that highly distinguished officer Sir Wm. Hoste, and others, to report upon an ingenious and very desirable improvement in the management of carronades in action. The result of the experiment, which originated with Lieutenant Hallahan, who served many years under that enterprizing officer Captain Usher, was as follows: Two eighteen-pound carronades were placed in separate launches, and fitted in the usual way for service. One of the carronades was fitted with Lieutenant Hallahan's spring. Each boat was supplied with twenty-five rounds of powder and shot; the carronade of Lieutenant Hallahan's invention, on the new construction, was worked by only three men, whilst that on the old principle was worked by eight men. Both carronades commenced firing at the same time, at a signal given by Sir Wm. Hoste. The gun on the new principle

impartial men for their decision, rather than shelter themselves from the odium of a personal refusal by a tenacious adherence to formal regulations and unworthy prejudices, which have only tended to retard improvement and discourage ingenuity? Yet, notwithstanding the many difficulties with which naval officers had formerly to contend, previous to the introduction of their plans into the service, it has invariably happened that the most important improvements that have been made in the navy have not only been introduced by naval officers, but frequently have been adopted on their own responsibility.

What avails any of those inventions which

was fired thirteen rounds in the space of six minutes and twenty-six seconds: the gun on the old plan fired only eight rounds in the same time.—Could it have been so managed, it would have been desirable that the rest of the maritime world should not have been thus imprudently acquainted with a secret, which may hereafter militate materially against its inventors.—It can hardly be doubted that the invention will be generally adopted in our service.

hitherto have emanated from the Navy Board* in point of importance, or practical utility, com-

* The principal are iron knees, round sterns, and diagonal decks, with others of minor consequence. The two latter originated with Sir Robert Seppings. If, however, the important improvements in naval architecture be traced to their inventors, it will be discovered that the profession owes much more to the ingenuity of naval officers, than to our shipwrights. In confirmation of this observation, it will be only necessary to add to the names already enumerated those lights of naval science, Captains (since Admirals) Schank, and Middleton (subsequently Lord Barham), and Patton. The last, though certainly not the least in point of authority, most pertinently observes, in a letter to Sir Charles Middleton several years ago, that "Nothing has more tended to impede the extension of the knowledge of the theory or scientific part of naval architecture, among those professional men in this country who rise to fill the highest offices in that department, than the very contracted mode of their education in the King's yards, where they certainly learn to become excellent practical ship-builders, but have, in general, a very limited knowledge of the theory on which it is founded. As it is no part of their duty to form draughts to build from, it becomes a small part of their study. The consequence is, when they come to fill that department, where it is their duty, a want of skill to make *improvements* obliges them to copy the *errors* of their predecessors." With a view to remedy this evil, Captain Patton not only pointed out a system to "assist young persons in the attainment

pared with those of Captains Pakenham, Phillips, Brown,* Burton, Truscott, and others! Previous to the introduction of Captain Truscott's "Force-Pump," for obtaining fresh water from the hold without disturbing its stowage, the decks of a man-of-war, in consequence of the practice then resorted to of getting at her daily supply, bore a greater resemblance (pending the operation) to a wholesale cooperage than a battery, from the quantity of empty cases with which they were unavoidably lumbered. This frequently created the greatest confusion, by constantly impeding the performance of important evolutions; such as "making sail in chase," or clearing suddenly for action. How embarrassingly might a ship in those days have been situated, if, in this lumbered condition, she had been surprised by an enemy in a fog, and brought to close action before she could possibly have cleared for the

of this most useful art," but, we believe, was the original promoter of the present institution, established expressly for this purpose at Portsmouth dock-yard.

* Inventor of the chain cable.

encounter! Here, obviously, no one would have been to blame if the ship had struck to the enemy, and her loss would have been attributable solely to ignorance of this important improvement, which could hardly have originated with any other than an intelligent officer, who had practically experienced the inconvenience of the existing system. None but an ingenious seaman would have thought of constructing a temporary rudder out of a top-mast and its cap;* and it was reserved

* By the following extract of a letter addressed to the "Society of Arts and Sciences," from the late Admiral Cornwallis, it will be seen how highly this invention of Sir Thomas Pakenham was appreciated by that gallant and excellent seaman:—

"I do therefore certify that, on our getting on shore in his Majesty's ship the *Crown*, under my command, our rudder was unshipped and rendered totally useless, by having all the pintles broke short off; and, on our arrival in the Downs, we got the rudder up alongside the ship, and having the plan of Captain Pakenham's substitute for a rudder on board, I ordered the spare-cap to be fitted exactly similar to the plan; which, when done, we hung it, with great ease, and hove it close to the stern-post, by the top-chains and hawsers, fixed to the eye-bolts of the cap, and brought it forward. We found it answer extremely well:

for an officer* of experienced seamanship to appreciate the value, and of superior mechanical ability to originate, mature, and complete the invention for applying, as occasion might require, an increase of power to the capstern, as an invaluable and highly convenient substitute for manual labour.

It would be superfluous to dwell longer upon the numerous inventions introduced by naval officers, or the numbers which, though matured and completed, have been lost for a time to the service for want of patronage and proper encouragement, though they frequently find their way into the world subsequently with a new

it had a very fair trial; for we were two days beating to windward, under close-reefed top-sails, and sometimes a heavy sea; and I have not the least doubt, had we lost our rudder, and had been obliged to have made use of Captain Pakenham's, it would have answered in every respect; and it is not only my opinion, but likewise the opinion of all my officers, that it would *conduct* a ship to any part of the world." "WM. CORNWALLIS."

"*H. M. Ship Crown, Feb. 9th*, 1789."

* Captain Phillips, R. N.

name, under the fostering genius of some naval mechanist at the dock-yard, to whom the invention had, in evil hour, been referred, to ascertain the value or eligibility of the unpatronized original.

We would suggest a mode for obviating the objection to the interference of interested parties, in the suppression of inventions, who feed their barren minds on the productions of others in the same way as, we are informed, the jobbing dramatists and melo-dramatists of the great theatres are accustomed to appropriate to their own tedious trash every novel incident or interesting situation from the works of unhappy aspirants to the dramatic art, whom these arbiters in taste condemn in the gross as destitute of a single redeeming beauty. Were competent persons selected from the many talented and experienced unemployed officers, to act in the capacity of commissioners of inquiry into naval inventions, the consequence would be, that every projector would feel confident of expe-

riencing no undue influence or conflicting interest in the mind of his judges, and meeting with that proportion of fair investigation and encouragement which could not fail to stimulate invention and benefit the service.

NAVAL ANOMALIES.

AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS.

It is an old saying, that touching a man's pocket is the most efficacious and never-failing test of friendship. The adage has not escaped the observation of the "Navy Board." They have, however, drawn from this admitted truism a rather extraordinary inference. An instance will suffice.

On all occasions, when officers' accounts are not passed at the Navy Office, but particularly those of captains, pursers, and lieutenants in command, an impress takes place against their pay. The great hardship of this regulation is, that the defect may originate in the difficulty of settling a multiplicity of vouchers, or even through the fault or

inattention of others in neglecting to make up their respective accounts, which thus forms an insuperable barrier to passing those of their superior.

When this is signified officially from the Board, they uniformly accompany the intimation of his pay being stopped by subscribing themselves the unhappy man's "*affectionate* friends."

This instance of kindly profession and unkind practice will, perhaps, remind the reader of an autograph now in the records of one of the kings of England, which, after designating a noble defaulter in allegiance by all his titles of honour, orders his immediate execution by cutting off the head of his "*trusty* and well-*beloved* cousin."

"MORE YES THAN NO."

MAJOCCL

It has been a custom in the service ever since we had a regular navy, for the sentinel on the

gangways to challenge all boats approaching the ship at night. This is done first with a view to prevent surprise and ensure the vigilance of the watch, and next to ascertain the rank of the officer who may be coming alongside. This latter object is effected in so strange a manner, and in language which to the uninitiated may appear to partake so closely of the nature of a secret cypher (if such a phrase be admissible), that its notice may with strict propriety be introduced under the present head of Naval Anomalies. In the first instance the challenge thus comes from the sentinel, "Boat ahoy!"—if it be a captain, the answer will be "*Griper*," "*Growler*," or the name of the ship he commands: by this technicality his rank is immediately recognized, and preparation for his reception is made accordingly. If it be a lieutenant, the answer to the hail "Boat-ahoy," will be "Holloa!"—The sentinel then says, "Coming here?"—the reply from the boat will be "Aye! aye!"—This at once denotes *his* rank. But, strange to say, in the case of a midshipman,

his reply to the first challenge, "Boat-ahoy," is uniformly, though most inexplicably, given in the negative, "*No, no!*"

All doubts, are, however, cleared by the answer to the second interrogatory, "Coming here?"—which is in the affirmative, "*Yes.*" It would be difficult to account for the necessity of this circumlocution, unless it be, that, in compliance with the regulations for securing to young gentlemen the benefit of vernacular instruction on board men-of-war, this mode of reply is enjoined as a practical exposition of that rule of English grammar, that two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative; otherwise, it would appear that a *Mid* is the only officer who is privileged, possibly *virtute juventutis*, on these occasions to hang-out at first false colours, and afterwards to change his mind.

JACK A ZOOLOGIST.

WHETHER it arises from the general acquaintance which sailors, in their peregrinations round the globe, make with all created things, or that the liberties they are accustomed to take with human beings, when in want of hands, induces them to follow a similar system with respect to animals, it is certain they occasionally press into the service at least the names of some of the most unlikely creatures in the world.

The cat, though a sailor's greatest abhorrence if possessed of more tails than one, assists him more frequently in his nomenclature than any other domestic quadruped:—there is the "boatswain's-cat"—the "cat-heads"—the "cat-fall"—the "cat-harpings." Thus, it will be seen, they indifferently make it a substantive, or an adjective; but what will Lindley Murray think of a sailor's "parts of speech," when he is told that

they go still further and make it a verb?—as in the phrase on board—"It's enough to make a *Dog Cat!*" In this extraordinary liberty with language, the grammarian and philologist are not the only parties "sinned against;" there is a confusion of ideas that would have provoked a whole metaphysical chapter from Locke; it implies a violation of natural relations, and of the distinction of *genera*, that could not fail to startle Buffon and Linnæus, had they been alive.

But this is a trifle: they indentify her with the wind, "catching every "cat's-paw" to claw-off a shore." Again: in stowing an anchor, they must "haul away the cat" before they can "hook the fish." In bringing up a ship in bad weather, they "stopper with the dog." It is quite a usual thing to talk of "handing-in the leech,"—"clapping on a lizard,"—"raising on a mouse,"—"seazing with a fox,"—with a variety of other beastly allusions.

JACK A STATESMAN.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the simplicity for which we give Jack credit, he is not indifferent, whilst afloat, to what is going on ashore: and whenever he turns his thoughts on politics, he is a perfect wag in his way. What satire can be more pointed or delicate than his mode of ascertaining the rottenness of a ship's lower timbers, or detecting her unsoundness at bottom, by giving her what he terms a *Parliament heel?*† Who can be at a loss for his meaning?"

WOODEN INTELLECTS.

THE native vagaries of genius are often irrational, and sometimes take an excursive flight

* It is to be hoped none of the seamen of St. Stephen's will imagine this compliment levelled at them.

† Heel—an obliquity, an undue inclination to one side.

beyond the bounds of probability: its partialities and prejudices are as often unaccountable—*ecce signum!*

The main-mast and bowsprit are nearly alike massive and heavy; yet the latter is an established favourite* with sailors, and is privileged to bear the brunt of many a good-humoured joke. In other words, the main-mast, though the greatest stick in the ship, is treated, with respect to its intellect or capabilities, with sovereign contempt: indeed, 'tis a proverb on board to say, as deaf as the main-mast; whilst the first thing a sailor sets about in the *rigging*-way is to "*gammon* the bowsprit."

MEUM AND TUUM.

THERE is a phrase in fashion amongst captains in the service which, on account of its anomalous nature, is entitled to notice in this place.

* ——— "tepido dant oscula ligno."—OVID.

The navy, even before the Restoration, has, for other reasons than mere courtesy, we suppose, been designated "royal;" and the opinion had become rather prevalent amongst well-informed persons, but perhaps very erroneously, for aught we know, that the vessels composing it, with their equipments, were the property of the king.

It would, however, appear from the manner in which captains designate, not only the officers serving under them, but even the ship, and almost every thing pertaining to it, that there can exist, at this day, no doubt as to the legal right of property being vested in themselves; or, in other words, that the commander ought to be considered in the double relation of "captain and owner." Without attempting to account for the cause (which might, with propriety, perhaps be traced to that brevity of phrase so peculiar to the service), it is remarkable that, in their conversations, the pronoun possessive most unceremoniously obtrudes itself, to the surprise of his Majesty's loyal and dutiful lieges, in the following expressions:—

" my ship,"—" my barge,"—" my first lieutenant,"—" my surgeon,"—" my purser,"—" my people," &c.* It is, however, somewhat singular that, as if it arose from the dread of acknowledging for a moment a superior even in terms, this habit of professional brevity never betrays a captain to trip on the term "*my* master;" although he, addressing another captain, as to this class of officers on board of his ship, often lays a provoking though jocular emphasis on the words "*your* master, *your* master."†

* In a nautical journal recently published, the author, speaking of his Majesty's ship which he had had the honour to command, and extolling the exemplary conduct of her officers and crew, proceeds: "The singing and merriment which prevailed between decks plainly evinced the value *my* people placed on an evening of rest." Again: "Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of *my* little ship, when all hope of life had left us:" an extraordinary instance of coolness, attributable, no doubt, to the temperature of a polar climate.

† A commissioned officer next in rank to a lieutenant, whose duty is of the most responsible nature, and upon whose judgment the captain principally relies for the navigation of the ship.

ONCE A CAPTAIN, ALWAYS A CAPTAIN.—*NEGATUR CONCLUSIO.*

" Your reason, sir—your most exquisite reason?"

FROM a late regulation in the service, it would appear to a superficial observer, that the whole race of junior captains had been simultaneously guilty of some offence, for which they had been as generally degraded in rank. A distinction, rather invidious, is now made between those and post-captains, by a new mode of designation—the former being now recognized only under the term of Commanders. If this regulation be considered necessary *causâ honoris*, or rather to mark the inferior rank of the junior captain, it may be fairly objected, that distinction had always been sufficiently strongly marked by that envied and enviable prænominal syllable which marked the superior rank of a *Post*-captain. By this regulation, the post-captain's rank remains, as to general acceptation, the same; whilst the captain, not post, is forced to descend, and discontinue the

title he bore officially in the service. The difference in rank, too, was so important, and so generally understood, that no post-captain ever felt a jealousy at others, not post, being addressed by the title of captain. The well-known and highly-prized honour of being made post* is also abolished. In these regulations, it is true, no real rank is lost; but all men, at least naval men, are not metaphysicians; and sailors are least of all persons disposed to yield on points of honour. The mere interdiction of the use of an old title is, to men who have borne it for years, a concession of no mean importance; and how, after all, are lieutenants in command of brigs or cutters to be distinguished from the class of officers next in rank? Will not both be indifferently denominated Commanders?

* What young fellow, now in the service, will ever be able to express his delight or ecstacy in the same forcible mode of appealing to a sailor's feelings, as young Lieutenant Echo, contemplating his success with the fair, exclaims to Brilliant—"Oh! seas and skies! I am so happy! I am made *Post!!!*"

It is not unfair to infer that this step may be retraced, from recollecting the fate of a somewhat similar regulation in the army with respect to the uniform of subalterns. On the appointment of Sir Henry Dundas, as commander-in-chief of the forces, as if to render himself unpopular, almost the first regulation he adopted, with respect to the dress of this class of officers, was to deprive them of the bullion epaulette, and substitute instead a contemptible thing of *fringe*. It was soon discovered that these officers were no longer saluted, as they were wont to be, by foreign troops. His Royal Highness, with his characteristic good sense, on resuming the command of the army, restored them to the enjoyment of those honours which had been forfeited by this silly regulation.

Innovations and changes, with respect to the symbols of value or rank, are productive, either in the service or our commercial relations, of inconveniencies never contemplated. Before the late coinage (a measure which, in all instances but one, merits public gratitude), the old Eng-

lish guinea had attained a preference and facility in circulation beyond that of any coin of any other realm: its value had been ascertained by the standard of every other coin, and its face familiarized as an old acquaintance in every country. The armorial bearings of our kings disappeared; and an usurper, who founded his title on fable, rode into the field of gold, and robbed legitimacy of its ancient honours. A new sovereign assumed a sway over commerce, which was only tardily acquiesced in by strangers, from doubts as to its want of weight, and the trouble of ascertaining its relative value. The old English guinea had been, throughout the world, admitted to speak all languages—the sovereign spoke none.

NAVAL AUTHORS.

He travels and expatiates—as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land:
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans.
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries—with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escape;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

COWPER.

It must be a subject of congratulation with the profession at least, if not participated by the public, that in this age of increased and increasing thirst after knowledge, there are some splendid examples amongst our naval officers to prove they are not uninfluenced by the prevailing senti-

ment of improvement; nor incompetent coadjutors in the arduous task of developing truth, and —what, perhaps, is more valuable—endeavouring to dispel error.

The value of their co-operation is enhanced by comparisons with that of the officers of other maritime countries, whose writings savour so strongly, particularly French authors, of any thing but grave, patient, and deliberate examination of appearances and facts. Many of the latter have a character of exaggeration, and an affectation of the marvellous in the *matériel* and style, which, however desirable in a work of fiction or romance, must ever prove an insuperable bar to obtaining precise and definite ideas on subjects of science, or drawing fair logical inferences from natural appearances.

It would be unfair, whilst on the subject of excellent composition generally, to pass unnoticed (though it be a naval despatch) a specimen which has been considered above all praise. To the scholar or seaman it is almost unnecessary to

say we allude to the celebrated memoir of the battle of Trafalgar; * a production which, though composed in a moment of considerable anxiety, and under the pressure of the most serious responsibility, stands unrivalled for the modesty and moderation of its tone, whilst announcing the most signal victory, the homage of a brave spirit to vanquished valour in the foe, and the most affecting tribute of manly grief for his own and his country's loss, in the death of the immortal Nelson.

With reference to the subject of despatches, it is to be regretted that an action, the result of which occasioned such heartfelt satisfaction and triumph in patriotic spirits, should have been

* The annals of no country, ancient or modern, afford any production, in the nature of a military despatch, worthy of being placed in competition with the letter of Lord Collingwood, and Lord Hutchinson's admirable soul-stirring description of the Battle of Alexandria. To the credit of one of our universities, both productions have been accorded classic honours, and will be preserved amongst its literary treasures as heir-looms for the benefit of posterity.

recorded (owing to Captain Sir Philip Broke being severely wounded) by any other pen than his own. There are few officers, probably, whose known literary attainments better qualified him to give in the language of a despatch, effect and interest to an action * so gallantly fought, and a

* A remarkable resemblance may be traced, between almost every material circumstance of this gallant action, and one fought between a Dutch and English frigate, in the reign of Charles the Second; the details of which, extracted from Campbell's Naval History, are subjoined. It will be seen, that in the circumstances of the engagement, being the consequence of a challenge, as to the scene of action, which, in both cases, was in sight of a crowd of spectators ashore, and more particularly as to the result of British valour, there is the most surprising coincidence. That author having premised that the date of this engagement was at a period pending a well-known negociation for peace, between England and Holland, proceeds thus:—"The Dutch Admiral Evertz being in those seas" (the Mediterranean) "with his squadron, it happened that Captain De Witte, in a man-of-war called the Schaerlaes, which carried thirty-six pieces of cannon, and one hundred and forty men, met with Captain Harman, in the Tyger, a small English frigate, which had been careening at Tangier, and came with him into the harbour of Cadiz, where the Dutchmen also careened. The Spaniards, jesting with Captain

triumph so heroically completed. However such a circumstance, together with its cause, may be deplored, an imperishable memorial to his fame exists in the gratitude of his country. His is the

" Monumentum ære perennius."

Long may he need no other!

De Witte, and telling him that he durst not fight the English captain, and that this made them so good friends; Admiral Evertz heard it, and thereupon told De Witte, that he must, for the honour of his nation, challenge Captain Harman. He did so; and his admiral lent him, that he might come off with glory, sixty mariners and seventy soldiers. Captain Harman had but one hundred and eighty-four men in all: however, at a day's notice, he stood to sea, and fairly engaged the Dutch frigate in sight of the town. Their ships were within pistol-shot before either of them fired: and then Captain Harman's broadside brought the Dutchman's main-mast by the board, and killed and wounded him fourscore men. The English captain followed his advantage, entered the enemy's vessel with his resolute crew, and became master of the ship in an hour's time; but she was quite disabled, and had one hundred and forty men in her killed and wounded. The English had only nine killed, and fifteen wounded, amongst whom was their brave captain, by a musket-shot, which went in at his left eye, and out between the ear and jaw-bone, of which wound he was well cured, and lived several years after."

It would be difficult to say, whether the journals of Captain Parry have succeeded more in exciting curiosity and interest in the public mind, or in adding important acquisitions to the stock of nautical and geographical information, seconded as he has been by the graphic abilities of Captain Lyon, as well as by this officer's interesting volume, which might be aptly termed the "Sayings and Doings" of the Esquimaux. The details of the expedition are interesting, ample, and important: but, even in this fruit of knowledge, there is a canker; let it be attributed, however, to an inherent vice in the art and mystery of publishing, rather than to a deliberate intention in the captain of locking up these stores of information from the generality of readers.

The fact, however, is, that no officer, not a man of fortune, can afford to purchase books, indispensable for his professional information and improvement, at their present enormous cost. The worst is, the exorbitant price of £4. 14*s*. 6*d*. is justified on the grounds of the expense, labour,

and pains bestowed on the drawings and surveys embodied in the work, when it is well known, that the surveys were contributed to it gratis, by officers sent out from the Admiralty for this express service; and that the drawings were executed by Captain Lyon, who most handsomely (though about to publish a book himself) made them a present to Captain Parry.*

Whilst on the subject of surveys, it is unfortunately necessary to add, that the same objection as to price may be made to the late publication of Captain Smith, on Sicilian Hydrography, a work not destitute of interest or valuable information, and which has been the fruit of seven or eight years' labour. His surveys certainly reflect great credit on the skill he has displayed, and trouble expended in applying, on so large

* This remonstrance, we regret to learn from our friends, has been misunderstood as conveying a censure on Captain Parry and other authors, whose works are undoubtedly overpriced. Though no Book-makers by profession, we well know that the price of any publication rests entirely with the publisher.

a scale, the improved principle of nautical surveying. The engravings of marine scenery, which accompany these charts, are remarkable for pictorial beauty, accuracy, and fidelity.

There can be but one opinion of the utility of this work, notwithstanding this surveyor appears to have travelled so far out of his way to attack the veracity of Homer, hitherto considered the most authentic early hydrographer, as well as geographer of antiquity. He has taken, perhaps, more pains than were necessary, after the information already possessed on the subject, to rob Scylla of its now merely poetical terrors. The extent of this officer's scepticism is such, that it is a matter of surprise, from the sweeping manner in which he assails, as apocryphal, all remote testimony, he did not altogether contest the fact of Colas' being drowned in Charybdis. His readers, however, will be convinced, from the obvious scrupulosity of his research, that, before he could have acquiesced even in the truth of this historic fact, he would not have con-

tented himself, despite of the ages since then elapsed, without at least "dragging" for the body.

Nor ought the journal of Captain Franklin be omitted when speaking of works whose style and observation beget in the reader a respect for the author and the profession to which he belongs. This work* is throughout extremely interesting,

* There is a passage in this Narrative, page 7, which would lead the reader to the inference, that the Greenlanders "had fair complexions, rather handsome features, and a lively manner." Captain Franklin was not aware, from his ignorance of their language, that the two individuals from whose appearance this inference is attempted to be drawn, as it was subsequently discovered (not by Captain Franklin, but by other intelligent officers), were in fact the children of an European Moravian missionary. The subsequent details in this paragraph, would convey an impression rather unjust to the zeal and labour of the missionaries, who have for many years been successfully employed in the dissemination of the Gospel on these inhospitable shores. Captain Franklin states, as a piece of interesting information, "The Commander of the vessel (the *Harmony*) gave me a translation of the Gospel of Saint John in the Esquimaux language, printed by the Moravian Society in London." What would have been his surprise, if he had been made acquainted with the circumstance, that all the Gospels—in fact, the whole of the New Testament,

although it bears obvious marks of its being a compilation by several hands. But who would not be interested by such a tale of woe?

The contributions and exertions of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Back reflect great credit on their zeal and intrepidity; but, without allowing the judgment to be prejudiced in the least by his sufferings and tragical end, it is impossible not to infer, from the details of this ill-fated expedition, that Mr. Hood was, of all the intelligent young seamen of the day, most calculated, from the early promise he gave of habits of close investigation and uncommon vigour of mind, to excel in

with the exception of eighteen chapters of the Revelation of St. John—had been published in the Esquimaux language, previously at least to the year 1821, and that the version has since been completed? His book was published in the middle of the year 1823. Taking into consideration the little acquaintance we have with this almost-unknown tongue, this not "*lex, sed, lingua non scripta,*" it is rather a remarkable circumstance, that, publishing in 1823, he should not have done more justice to the research and intelligence which characterized efforts, whose difficulties might have appalled any other than Christian missionaries.

conducing to the interests of science. That part of the Narrative furnished by him, although it must have been written on the spot, without opportunities of revisal or correction, by a man in the last stage of disease and famine, in a climate thirty or forty degrees below zero, is so justly deserving of praise, that there can be no doubt, had he lived, he would have realized the expectations of his most sanguine friends: "*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

After all, the intense interest which this work excites is attributable to a feeling any thing but creditable to, though inseparable from our nature: which derives a reflective pleasure from the positive pangs of others, and gloats itself in descriptions of hitherto unimagined and almost unimaginable horror and misery. An *auto-da-fé* in Spain, and a massacre of gladiators by savage beasts in antient Rome, became popular exhibitions merely by the force of this principle; and we may safely infer, that Captain Franklin's Narrative would have excited com-

paratively little interest, had not so many of his companions perished in this disastrous expedition.

A large pamphlet has been published, under the fictitious signature of "*Scrutator*," on the "*Impracticability* of effecting a North-West Passage for Ships." The able reasoning which this work displays, and the clear and luminous review which the author has taken of every antecedent narrative or commentator on the subject, places this *brochure* high above the level of ordinary scientific productions. The general inference which he draws, and which is founded on scientific *data* now universally admitted, aided by his own practical observations, is such as we imagine has been frequently suspected by scientific men, but never before avowed, much less enforced and supported by arguments so able:—namely, that a North-West Passage he is convinced there is, "for *water* and *fish*, but not for *ships*." The assumed signature of "*Scrutator*" could hardly be expected to baffle curiosity as to the real

author of a pamphlet of so much merit. It is now generally attributed to Captain Peter Heywood, a highly scientific and experienced officer, who served as a midshipman with Captain Bligh in the *Bounty*.

The last work which has appeared on the subject of the "North-West Passage," is that of Captain Lyon's account of "An unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay in His Majesty's ship *Griper*."

From the previous specimen this officer had given of his literary attainments, the profession was prepared to expect more from his pen than these pages have realized. Both the expedition and its Narrative are failures. The latter assumes rather the character of an apology for his return without having accomplished any of the objects with which he set out, than a plain statement of those facts to which he would attribute his want of success.

Indeed, it appears altogether extraordinary, that an officer who had so many opportunities of

acquainting himself with the qualities of a vessel* so ill-calculated to perform a service so important, should not have seen the propriety of pointing out to the proper quarter, defects so apparent to the nautical eye, previously to undertaking the expedition, rather than publicly making, upon his return home, these defects the main grounds of apology for its failure. Had he applied to the Admiralty for another vessel, in all probability, either a survey would have been held on the *Griper*, or a vessel more adapted for a polar sea would have been immediately fitted for the service. It is not improbable that, as a young officer, Captain Lyon might have been apprehensive that any thing like reluctance would have operated with their Lordships to appoint another in his stead.

* Some idea may be formed of the fitness of this vessel for an "icy sea," when Captain Lyon assures us, "that on many occasions, in strong gales, it took a quarter of an hour to get 'the ship before the wind,' after 'the helm was put up,' for the purpose of wearing."—*Vide Narrative*, page 98.

Of the execution of the work, it must be confessed, its details are often feeble, and little interesting to men accustomed to professional danger.—*I's*, and *My's*—good order, and bad luck—are recurring incessantly. The spirit of the story of the Orkney farm evaporates in a "wee bottle of whisky," and, as might be anticipated, ends in a bottle of smoke. Our attention, however, is drawn by our author to graver details.—"The officers," says he, "sat about wherever they could find shelter from the sea; and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness; each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world." Alas! where were their neighbours? where was that world? All hopes of earthly friendship or feelings of enmity were fast fading from their view: the term "world" was one of unmixed endearment; and to have discovered a friendly sail, or to have been boarded by an enemy, would have produced an agony of delight amongst all. But he continues: "And I am perfectly per-

suaded, that the resignation which was then shewn to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six p.m. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers; and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost *miraculously*, fell no lower."—Now, if at any previous period during the twenty-four hours, whilst in this perilous plight, the tide had fallen *no lower* (which we are entitled to presume, because no mention is made of it) than at this moment, where was the miracle in their preservation? The whole is too much *à la Hohenlohe*; and the tendency to indulge in preternatural and miraculous interposition, may be more effectually repressed, by referring them to the subjoined lines of Pope, than by any less orthodox reproof from humbler moralists:—

"Think we, like some weak *Prince*, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea, new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?"

Essay on Man.

Amongst the candidates for literary fame in the navy, a conspicuous niche must be reserved for Captain Cochrane,* who, for personal zeal, and intrepid defiance of peril, fatigue and privations, appalling to a man of ordinary nerve, may defy all rivalry. His journal possesses a lively interest which "chains inquisitive attention." He appears the hero of his own romance, though not without occasionally weakening our enthusiasm by minuteness of detail, or by an overween-

* Since this paper went to press, accounts have been received from South America, announcing the death of this enterprizing officer.

ing egotism, venial perhaps only in a traveller so peculiarly circumstanced.

Taking into consideration the dangers which would have attended his pedestrian tour amongst the wretched and half-savage people of Asia, his plan was the only one which would have secured him—defenceless, on foot and alone—from insult, robbery, perhaps murder. Had he carried about him even the most frugal funds, he might be said to have borne his own death-warrant. Away, then, with the imputation of meanness, which less inquisitive and enterprizing minds would throw on this lonely and gratuitous explorer of countries, whose mere names* are bugbears to snug effeminacy and exquisite refinement.

His reflections are often just, though sometimes common-place: With a candour which, if we should give credit to public opinion, is little characteristic of his countrymen, he fearlessly expresses his opinion on most subjects,

* Siberia, Kamschatka, &c.

whether in reprobation of the errors or plans of others, or in advocating the different speculative projects recommended in his work to British enterprize or mercantile capital. His sanguine spirit of speculation may be considered a natural bias—the vice of his race; yet to precisely this spirit, when felicitously directed, by accident or design, the world is indebted for some of the most splendid improvements and miraculous inventions.

Amongst other scientific works on professional subjects (besides the innumerable pamphlets *

* Although the subject of this note cannot with propriety be classed under any of these heads, it is, on more accounts than one, unfit that the pamphlet, entitled "*An Address to the Officers of His Majesty's Navy, by an Old Naval Surgeon,*" should be permitted to pass without observation. Its object is to abolish altogether the promiscuous admission of females on board our ships-of-war in port. He certainly has taken strong ground, with respect to the moral objections he makes to this practice, from which, under other circumstances, we should feel no inclination to dislodge him; and describes with some truth, though often with obvious exaggeration, the demoralization and contagion imparted to crews under the present system.

He

which have appeared since the peace), Sir Henry Heathcote has recently published a treatise upon the cutting and setting of "staysails," putting his theory to the test of mathematical proof. However elaborate the diagrams, practical proofs must always be preferred on professional points; and, though the baronet is backed by Euclid, and

He has not, however, though sacrificing to the cant, adopted the quackery, so frequent in the present day with professional and moral reformers; nor has he ran the risk of committing himself by proposing at once a specific for an evil, which all admit,—all deplore,—and for which wiser heads than his, have long since most anxiously sought a remedy in vain.

Taking into consideration the discipline observed on board a British man-of-war—the restricted opportunities of gratification which present themselves—the season of life at which sailors enter, so ill-suited to those long privations which might even disturb the frigid self-possession of an anchorite, we must say, that, until some man is found bold enough to propound, undisguisedly and ingenuously, a less exceptionable plan for gratifying natural propensities, with which experience teaches us it is vain to preach or parly, it would be wise, in a case like this, where the alternative would too possibly involve a more serious breach of morality, to recollect the homely but strictly applicable proverb—"Of two evils, choose the least."—*Sapienti verbum sat.*

assures his readers he is supported in his theory by the opinions of experienced officers, it is not too much here to assert, that the majority of both the new and old school will dispute the utility of staysails, in any shape, set "upon a wind;" and few, it is presumed, will approve of the cut of Sir Henry's jib.

Lieutenant "Marshall's Biography," must be considered a work of considerable utility and great research, when it is recollected he pursues the history of each officer even to the *parent* stock. Many of his characters are authentic and well drawn: doubtless, he has derived considerable assistance from the contributions of others. We confess it appears singular there should be so obvious and close a resemblance in the style, and even language of Lieutenant M., in his biographical sketches, to that excellent periodical published many years ago, entitled "PUBLIC CHARACTERS.* Only that it is said there have

* *Vide* also Naval Characters, drawn in "Naval Chronicle."

been instances of two authors striking on the same idea, and expressing themselves alike, even in words, we should be almost disinclined to attribute to Lieutenant M. all the merit of biographical portraits, which, in all that is just and spirited, bear so striking a resemblance to a production published long prior to his, and which, therefore, might be uncharitably inferred to have been their original.

It is remarkable that, in his enumerations of claimants for honours, he has described more than one officer as having been knighted for his services, whose only claim to that distinction was their having stood proxy for a parent or relative, on the occasion of their being made "Knights of the Bath." Possibly this writer may have read the acrimonious definition given by Voltaire of Biography, and, through an excessive anxiety to avoid one error, fallen into another: "A new poison," says Voltaire, "has within these few years been invented in low literature—the art of outraging both the living

and the dead, in alphabetical order." A work like this must be popular, for it is liberal of praise in the extreme—"*Laudantem Athenienses, Athenis laudari*:"—besides,

> "'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print:
> A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Hence the Naval Biography will ensure itself, from this circumstance alone, a respectable sale and extensive list of subscribers.

In alluding to a work, published under the high-sounding title of "The Naval History of Great Britain,"* an apology is certainly due to

* Another work, of a description "qualem decet esse sororem," has just made its appearance—"A Naval History of Great Britain from the earliest Period, by Captain William Goldsmith, R.N." The first number only had been published when we saw it, and promised an arduous and extensive field of research.—*Query*, has this gentleman's promotion been very recent? Can this be the lieutenant of that name, who lately rendered himself so unpopular with the people of Cornwall, by the demolition of that Druidical monument of antiquity, the far-famed Rocking-stone in that county? If so, possibly he may expect to appease the indignation of the antiquary, by tracing in his works the tri-

the gentlemen of the profession for introducing the author's name amongst those of officers of literary pretensions. A distinction to which, in either sense, he can have no possible title.

The work is of that book-making description which is the bane of literature—the cureless evil of a wide-spread thirst of information on every

umphs of the British flag, achieved by "a Brute" (*vide* first number), at a period *twelve centuries* before the existence of the Christian æra. In every arduous attempt we cannot help feeling our interest strongly excited, or withhold our approbation; but, with all possible respect, we must still think that he would have expiated his offence in the eyes of that "*irritabile genus*" *antiquariorum* more effectually, if, instead of replacing this monument of our giant ancestors on its old site, as he has since done, he had applied himself to a task, perhaps, to a man of his reach of mind, and knowledge of remote history, less difficult; and, venturing only a little further in his researches than he intimates his intention to do in his unpresuming title-page, pursued our naval superiority, through both profane and sacred history, up to the time of Noah. Could he but have proved, to the satisfaction of the antiquaries, the ark was one of our early "first-rates," and her commander a British commodore, he might, without the dread of imputed sacrilege, have even constructed himself a château out of the venerated ruins of Tintern Abbey.

subject. He who looks into it for authentic details of many actions, in which the profession and the public are interested, will often find himself disappointed, or tantalized by a reference, in the true tact of a professed book-getter-up, to another work published by the same author—"Naval Occurrences."

His description of single actions are often correct, though encumbered with spiritless details of number of men, and weight of metal.*

He, as may be supposed from being a landsman, is indebted entirely for his matter to log-books and despatches, though he affects to despise both. Whenever he ventures without pilotage, he flounders in errors and misconceptions, some

* From the affectation of hypercritical precision with which this gentleman handles pounds and pounders, after the avoirdupois standard, it is singular that retribution should have followed so hard on the heels of his own offences, in instances where he has laid himself open to *correction*, relative to his false return of contrasted weights of metal; and that he should have incurred the censure of not having adjusted the critical balances with strict and "even-handed justice."

of which have already brought down on him the vengeance of those whose character he has ignorantly, we cannot suppose wantonly, assailed. His criticisms on the conduct of officers in action are presumptuous, and in bad taste, as coming from a man who has neither seen service or been brought up in the profession. In his hands a general engagement loses all its interest. The logs of the ships engaged are spliced together, or taken separately, so as to present a series of single actions between those at close quarters. The general results are overlooked, and the detail is meagre, spiritless, and unimposing. Let any one consult the account of the battle of the glorious "First of June," * 1794, and he will see that we have not, in this instance, "set down aught in malice."

To decide the palm of good writing amongst men, whose styles as well as subjects of observation are so different, would be a task not un-

* See Mr. James's account of this action, page 102.

worthy the exercise of a sounder and more practised criticism. All have pleased those who have the interest of the navy at heart, because it is desirable that the profession should not abstain from entering the lists of authorship, where, in the present day, the successful and gigantic stride of talent of every description excites to honourable competition. Some have interested by the novelty of their detail, or the history of their privations and sufferings; but if the masterly manner in which important subjects have been handled, the value of the materials of the work in a mercantile and political light, the depth of observation, the justness of views, with very few exceptions, throughout his journal, and the easy but nervous style in which he has clothed his thoughts, are genuine tests of talent—then we cannot hesitate to award to Captain Hall the wreath of good writing in this class, at the present day.

In describing the part individually taken by the *Brunswick* in this action, Mr. James says, volume the first, page 233, that "about a quarter past two, *p. m.*, the *Brunswick's* main-mast was *shot* away by the *Vengeur's* unremitting fire;" when, at page 234 and 235, in narrating a *subsequent* period of the severely contested encounter between this ship and her opponent, he, singular as it may appear, asserts that "both the fore and *main-masts* of the former (the *Brunswick*) had been *shot through* in several places: so had the bowsprit; and the former (meaning the fore and *main-masts*) were momentarily *expected to fall;*" although the reader, in the preceding pages, had already been informed that the *main-mast* of the *Brunswick* "*fell* at about a quarter before two." Now the fact is, it was the mizen-mast of this ship that was then shot away. Such is the account of a naval historian, who loses no opportunity to call in question the authenticity of contemporary or antecedent naval chroniclers. Another instance will suffice to shew, that Mr.

James is not only in the habit of contradicting himself, as well as other recorded authorities; but that his total ignorance of the most common-place nautical phrases frequently betrays him into committing the most egregious blunders, as well as making the grossest and most obvious mis-statements. Thus, in his account of Sir Robert Calder's well-known action, volume third, page 242, when describing the situation of the hostile fleets on the noon of the 23d and morning of the 24th of July 1805 (the two successive days after the engagement), he says, "at a few minutes past twelve, the combined fleet, formed in order of battle, bore up towards the British fleet, then about four leagues off in the east-south-east. Owing to the distance and extreme lightness of the breeze, it was not until ten minutes past three that the latter noticed the advance of the former. Immediately the British ships hoisted their colours, and hauled closer to the wind, awaiting the expected attack. At four, however, the ships of the combined fleet, with

colours also hoisted, and being distant about three leagues from their opponents, hauled to the wind on the same tack as the latter, evidently declining, for the present" (inferring their intention subsequently to offer battle) "a renewal of the engagement. The British admiral then resumed his course to the north-east, until driven from it by a change of wind; which, commencing about midnight at north, became, about five on the morning of the 24th, north-north-east, and occasionally north-east. This change of wind," continues Mr. James, "reversed" (excellent Mr. James!) "the situations of the two fleets: the *British were now to windward*" (bravo, sir!), "and might in all probability have renewed the action with the combined fleet. No attempt was made. Sir Robert, for reasons that will appear presently" (good again! they will indeed presently appear!), "continued with his prizes, under easy sail, *working* towards a British port, steering about south-east by east. The combined fleet steered the

same course as the British till eight o'clock, then BORE-UP, and steered south-east by south" (mark! in a direction only two points more southerly), "*obliquely* crossing the latter's *wake*."

Now if, according to Mr. James's account, the combined fleet, by a change of wind, became to *leeward* of the *British*, by what mode, short of Lapland witchery in the wind, could they (the enemy) possibly *bear-up* (as the naval historian asserts), to cross, in a lateral direction, the wake of their opponents? Any one, in the least acquainted with nautical phraseology, must be aware, that no vessel can *bear-up* in the wind's eye; or, to be more explicit, pursue objects to windward of her, by any other practical mode than that of "*beating*." Indeed, upon the latter point, it might be presumed experience had taught Mr. James the *corrective* effect of this manœuvre. However, as far as it relates to the important particular of the reversed position of the hostile fleets, Mr. James, as usual, is totally in error. The situations of the two fleets were

not, at the period he stated, "*reversed*;" nor did the wind materially change, even to suit his convenience, till many hours *after* the combined fleet had ultimately *bore-up*, with the intention of parting amicably with the British. Mr. James asserts that the enemy "*bore-up*:"—if this phrase is not misapplied, it must necessarily follow that, in order to have accomplished this nautical evolution, the combined fleets must have been to *windward* instead of to *leeward* of the British, as Mr. James so erroneously affirms.

Without tediously detaining the reader with noticing further the redundant absurdities of this historian, it will be more elucidative of his pretensions and consistency to refer at once to his unpresuming preface, in which he apologizes for having prudently acquiesced in the maxim "that truth is not always to be spoken." Any such apology from him was totally unnecessary. The more closely his work is scrutinized, the more thoroughly will the reader be convinced that, in mercy to his aberrations from

fact, and uncandid inferences, Mr. James should have rejected this Jesuitical maxim as the motto of an history, disfigured by disingenuous misrepresentations, and calculated to tarnish laurels won by valour, and rewarded by national gratitude.

From the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of some works now out of print, we have been obliged to omit in the first edition, our observations on several naval authors; amongst others, Captain Beaver on "Africa;" and Captain Beaufort on "Caramania;" as well as Captain Brenton, whose naval history we did not presume to touch upon, through a sincere desire to redeem, with respect to this very voluminous work, the pledge we then gave in our preface, that we had never presumed to give any opinion, until we had first attentively *read* the book reviewed.

This compiler of the "Naval Annals of Great Britain" has, in the preface, added his suffrage to those of most other historians who have recorded contemporaneous history, and acknowledged, in terms of regret, the "difficulty of writing on living characters and recent events." The reception his book has experienced proves the existence of another difficulty, which we fear he has yet to acknowledge—that of pleasing those whom he had intended to praise; and to that difficulty may be attributed the well-known unpopularity of his work. With, we believe, a sincere desire to be impartial throughout, the generally-laudatory strain he adopts, in speaking of most officers' services, cannot but offend many, and has probably checked the appetite for praise so cheap.

Whilst assuring his readers that, "in speaking of his superiors, he has been as studious to avoid flattery as presumption," he appears peculiarly unhappy in the selection of characters he has attacked, as well as in the choice of those

whom he has undertaken to defend. The latter, perhaps, may be attributed to personal friendship, or exuberant good feeling; but the former has betrayed him into what the service generally consider, an unwarrantable reflection on the conduct and character of one of the bravest and best men in the profession. We say unwarrantable, and feel justified in applying the term in its fullest extent, as the author has since found it necessary to publish, in the preface to his third volume, a formal retractation. Having perused it with attention, all we can collect from it is, that this officer appears desirous, by availing himself of a little sophistry, to represent that the passages which appeared in the first volume, conveying, certainly in one of them, an insinuation of censure, are capable of a different and exculpatory meaning. Perhaps this will prove a lesson for ever, to men who have the hardihood to wield the pen, never to temporize. The details of the situations of the British fleet and squadron, and that of the French admiral, is a

clear, intelligible painting, and must be read by every officer and seaman with interest. We have a narration of events* of which the author was an eye-witness, and a summary of opinions, consequently formed on no slight grounds. He should, therefore, have either made his retractation with good faith, and not unbound the wound which he felt he could not heal; or, being convinced of the truth of his statements, he should have resolutely refused, whether out of consideration of personal respect to a popular officer, or even deference to the prevalent opinion of the profession, to compromise his integrity as an historian.

The best historians may be liable to error; and though the inaccuracies of Captain Brenton are not so numerous as those of his contemporary, yet, coming with the weight of authority naturally attached to the production of an officer,

* A refutation of this statement subsequently appeared in a pamphlet published by the officer whose conduct the historian had attempted to arraign.

a seaman, and a man of superior pretensions, they are more pregnant with mischief, and, consequently, the more unpardonable.

This writer appears to imagine that a history, like a novel, is nothing without a hero; and, in accordance with the proverb, that "one volunteer is worth two pressed men," Lord St. Vincent's offer to "*enter* for the bounty" was irresistible; particularly as his Lordship supplied him with a well-stocked *porte-feuille* of matter—"no matter what"—and contributed two portraits of himself; to which, as if the pencil's efforts had failed, the historian has added a third from his own more flattering pen.

To use a nautical figure, he has split on St. Vincent's rock—St. Vincent is the theme of his perpetual panegyric. Although indisposed to detract from the merits of a departed hero, or in any way curtail his praise of its "fair proportions," we cannot acquiesce in the exclusive commendation which the author has bestowed on that distinguished admiral; as though he

alone were the "*principium et fons*" of the present effectiveness and discipline of the service. The changes are so eternally rung, not only on his valorous deeds, but political views, and his virtues antithetically opposed to the vices of Napoleon, that the reader, doubtless, must suppose he is dipping into "MARSHAL'S BIOGRAPHY," instead of wading through "Brenton's Naval History."

In speaking of that late prominent actor on the theatre of Europe, he has ill-sustained the dignity of the historian, and descended to unworthy insults and opprobrious epithets, which not even Sir Sidney Smith, the only naval officer who ever personally encountered Buonaparte, and whose hostility was whetted by circumstances of aggravation peculiar to himself, would have used in the intoxication of victory, or the unguarded hurry of a despatch. The premeditated application to the deceased ruler of France of the terms—"the Perfidious Corsican"—"the Insolent Napoleon"—"the Tyrant!" and similar

terms, we thought had been reserved for the worst Times of newspaper virulence. But, perhaps, as the author has been shrewdly suspected of Whiggism, he has made his *amende* by descending to the personal abuse of the idol of that party, in hopes of being mistaken for a Tory—a task so much the less worth his pains, as the general rule, that an historian, above all men, should be uninfluenced by party-spirit, seems to be unnecessarily violated in the present singular period of our political history; when it is almost impossible to say how a man's interest may be affected by his private sentiments, or to determine whether the Government itself be Whig or Tory.

The details of single actions which terminate successfully, are intelligibly told, and do credit to the powers of the writer. This is exemplified in the narration of the celebrated action between *La Blanche* and *La Pique*. In many of his practical suggestions, however, we cannot concur; but particularly in those which relate to the

capture of the *Laurel* by the *Cannonniere*,* in the East-Indies. Speaking of that action, and the honourable acquittal of Captain Woolcombe, he observes: "In his mode of fighting, he (Captain W.) appears to have adhered to the old English maxim of firing at the tier of guns. In a case of that sort (he continues), where the opponent was of so much greater force, perhaps it would have been better to have directed the whole fire at the main-mast *head*;—that fallen, the ship might have become an easy prey to the *Laurel*." It would have been certainly a *desideratum* to have dismasted the enemy; but as to the calculation upon the probability of its gaining or losing Captain W. a laurel, his object was more likely to be accomplished, certainly, by directing his fire at the fore-mast.—Any seaman will see the reason for this suggestion.

In describing general actions, the writer appears to have fallen into a too prevalent opinion, which has, perhaps more than any thing else,

* French frigate of far superior force.

disfigured, and rendered often unintelligible to any but nautical men, the detail of a general battle. Nothing can be less satisfactory than extracts from logs, or the isolated statements of individuals too actively engaged on circumscribed duty, to be capable of taking any thing like a general view or observation of a grand sea-fight. What is thus gained in authenticity, is lost in clearness. Circumstantiality and minute detail often circumscribes, without presenting a true or lively picture of the soul-stirring scene; and any person who has read the description of the battle of the Nile, drawn up by the Chaplain of the *Swifture*, will derive more satisfaction from that clear, connected narrative, than from more encumbered details; proving, that in this and other instances, the sacrifice of minute authenticity may be amply compensated by vigour and interest.

Surely the author, who has on other occasions displayed powers of description of which we have rarely met a parallel, ought not to have declined

the task of giving a clear, connected, and correct description of Howe's memorable engagement, or wrapped himself up in the naked details of logs, accompanying them, *en passant*, with critical strictures and suggestions as to what ought to be done, rather than connectedly detailing what was done on that day. Many, however, of these remarks are valuable and judicious.

From a work so voluminous as this, our readers cannot expect extracts in support of our observations. A perusal of the volumes will amply repay them in amusement and information, although the classification of events, under the heads of stations, has been censured as tending to chronological confusion.

With all his defects, Captain Brenton is undoubtedly a writer of a superior order: had his judgment kept pace with his literary taste, it might have been said, that the field he occupies offered no encouragement to rivalry. His observations on the judiciousness of a more general distribution of medals in meritorious cases, and

particularly in that of the battle of Trafalgar, are full of proper feeling, and in unison with the wishes of those most devoted to the service, though we cannot acquiesce, to the full extent, in the inferences he has drawn. His descriptive powers, as we have before said, are exemplified with great effect in many passages; but he has exceeded himself in that of the distressing account of the loss of the *Athénienne*.

Notwithstanding the tone with which he closes his preface, we in candour must admit, that his history of the period he embraces is decidedly the best extant, although he modestly confesses that, not without dread of the "storms of censure and the attacks of malevolence," "he commits his book to the mercy of his brother sailors and the public."

We have just* had forwarded to us a copy of a little pamphlet entitled, "*Popularity of the Royal Naval Service*," by a Naval Officer. Its chief object is, to defend admirals and captains in the

* Upon sending this sheet to press.

navy from aspersions thrown on them by the Edinburgh Reviewer, Mr. Hume, and Sir Francis Burdett. Though this be a much narrower ground than we have taken up, embracing, as we have, the service generally, it is well suited to the size of the pamphlet, and the style betrays the sensible and practised writer. As we are so far members engaged in an Holy Alliance, we cannot but recommend these pages to the perusal of persons seeking information on subjects generally ill understood, and often malignantly misrepresented by canting philanthropists. We must regret that to a very agreeable style, the writer has not (possibly through inattention in his early days to an essential, though unfashionable part of education) added that logical acumen, which would have enabled him to seize many points, that have escaped even his zeal for the character and popularity of the service.

The title of his book is certainly unhappy, as the arrangement in the title-page evinces, which consists of almost every topic usually commented on,

as proofs of the unpopularity of the services, *viz.* "Discipline," "Cruelty and Oppression," "Flogging," "Summary Conviction," "Delay of Punishments," "Ward-room Courts-Martial," &c.; and taking into consideration the title of the pamphlet and the cause advocated, we must confess that most of what we find in page 59 is candid to a fault. Perhaps it was hardly possible, that the similarity of our objects should not lead this officer into an adoption of similar topics; but we confess his arguments are often so precisely, and his language sometimes so closely, our own, that we suspect he had read the first edition of the "Naval Sketch Book" with as much interest and attention as any of our brother officers, who have kindly acknowledged by letter our anonymous labours. The passage in page 17 will strike every one as remarkable, and the observations and even quotations follow nearly in the order they appear in our defence of the "Service."—"Yet," (says the writer) "at that disastrous period, when, it is acknowledged on all sides, naval

discipline was less lenient than at present,* amidst all the excitements of the mutiny, including the death of two of the delegates shot by order of Admiral Colpoys, not a word in the public documents, not a single complaint, was made against this very system of discipline, now denounced as so shocking and oppressive; and it is on record, that when all the delegates met in council to state the whole of the grievances of the fleet, no such thought as that of accusing their officers of oppression was admitted among them."—The same may be said of the following extracts. "But where is the proof of the shockingly disgusting nature of this punishment in the eyes of the seaman, and the degradation presumed to ensue? Is it to be found in the fact of their having adopted the same punishment among themselves in the great mutiny, or in their not having *objected* to it in their list of grievances!"—Again, pp. 34 and 35:—"And what, we may here ask, when they" (the Reformists) "talk of abolishing flogging as

* *Vide* N. S. B., vol. ii, page 7.

a punishment at sea, have all the talents and philanthropy of so many ages discovered as a substitute for severe bodily pain on the land?—Bread and water diet, solitary confinement, and the tread-mill!"—"Solitary confinement, with bread and water diet, may be productive of striking effects, but it is to be doubted whether many of the seamen would be thankful for such a commutation of punishment; and it would be absolutely impossible to procure in a ship that kind of *desolate silence*,* which is the most powerful engine of penitence on shore."—But the slighest perusal of the pamphlet will suffice to shew that it is not *amour propre* alone which has dictated these observations.—The article "Naval Discipline" abounds with just remarks; and the observations both preceding and following the passage in page 10, "Tenderness for individuals is not infrequently cruelty to society on an extensive scale," are a staggering broadside.

* *Vide* N. S. B., vol. ii, pages 12 and 13.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

" List, ye landsmen, unto me."

As the object of these pages has never for a moment been disguised, we feel ourselves imperatively called on to rescue the profession, and the character of the service, from the lubberly and libellous attack of a writer in a popular magazine, who, in order, as it were, to give point to his ignorant assumption, and effect to a malignant hatred of the navy (to which it is evident he could have never belonged), has announced himself, most imposingly, under the dread title of a "*Man-of-war's-man.*"—Possibly the poison may not have been unaccompanied, in the minds of many of his readers, by its antidote, from recollecting how frequently they have been tor-

mented, either in the purlieus of St. Giles's, or amongst the more credulous simpletons who throng our villages on market-days, by an impudent mendicant race, who plunder the public under the assumed garb and ill-initiated phrase of the seaman, without possessing a single genuine claim to the sympathy of his countrymen afloat, or the gratitude of those on shore.

It, however, frequently happens, that when any of these impostors come in contact with a seaman, he immediately becomes, as the saying is, "mute as a mackerel;" because the very phraseology which he assumes to excite the commiseration of the stranger, and which too often passes current with the novice as the vernacular of the thorough-bred tar, instantly becomes the means of betraying him, and detecting the entire imposition.

It would be almost unfair to draw the parallel further, out of respect to the individual, who can, perhaps, plead pinching cold, or the dread of starvation, in extenuation of his offence. In

another respect he has also the advantage, because he only degrades himself, whilst the literary pretender libels his protector, and would fain calumniate his superiors.

To review and analyze at length the *matériel* of this writer, who has, for above *four* years, edified the public by his recondite labours, would be a task little likely to recommend these pages to the reader,—each chapter being merely a tissue of dull dialogue, inconsistent narrative, nautical misnomers, and gross absurdities. A few observations on his phraseology, seamanship, and notions of discipline, will suffice to prove this is not mere assertion.

The writer takes every opportunity to inform his readers, that Captain *Switchem*, of the *Tottum-fog*, as his name would infer, was a strict and severe disciplinarian; and therefore, as if by way of preserving consistency in the delineation of his character, he allows him, during the chase of an enemy, to commence a dialogue more free-and-easy and familiar than ever was adopted on

the deck of a *privateer*. An instance or two will suffice. To catch the landsman's eye, the absurdities are marked in *italics*:—

Captain *Switchem* (after looking at the chase through his glass)—"A *trim boat, beyond a doubt* (mere cockney patter in Chelsea Reach).—But, come, let us bustle—Ettercap, d'ye hear, boy: jump and tell *Master* Marlin I want him."

Boatswain.—"Here I am, sir," cried the Boatswain, coming aft.

Captain S.—"O, *Master* Marlin, pipe up the idlers directly, and get the engine filled without delay—I'm going to wet the courses."

Now, what officer would designate a blustering Boatswain by the familiar appellation of *Master*? Ludicrous!—Indeed, a novice might naturally suppose the boatswain was suddenly promoted, and stepped into the shoes of Mr. *Soundings*.*—The Boatswain, too, in preference to the senior Lieutenant, or officer of the watch, is the first

* A familiar epithet for the Master.

person to be consulted about "wetting the courses"—Why not first made to wet his whistle? —An improbable, silly dialogue ensues between "*Master* Marlin," his mate, and the "Idlers," upon the propriety, forsooth, of obeying the order of the Captain; when, after many d—ns and difficulties on the part of the boatswain's-mate—(would a disciplinarian tolerate all this?) we are informed that "the engine was at length filled, and set a-going;" Bird (the boatswain's mate) "directing the pipe in person."—"It was worked, however," (he continues) "so ineffectually, and with so many interruptions, *caused* by a *scanty supply of water.*"—(Strange, too! none alongside?—"All the seas gang dry," as the old Scotch song says)—"as not only to make him lose all patience, but to *storm*, and *bawl*, and swear like a madman, to the *infinite amusement* of the few officers who were *on-lookers.*"—Glorious discipline, truly, not to say any thing of the absolute impossibility of such a scene of *infinite amusement* having ever occurred on board of any of his

Majesty's ships, always excepting the *Tottumfog.* Indeed, a total fog of absurdities may be said to be here thickening in every line. We have a boatswain's-mate adopting all the embellished blackguardism of a Billingsgate fish-fag whilst in the execution of his duty on board a British man-of-war, commanded, too, by a "strict and severe disciplinarian" permitted to "*storm* and *bawl*, like a madman, to the *infinite amusement* of his officers." Those who have seen service, can only be amused with such palpable nonsense on paper.

When informed by the signal-man "that the vessel on his quarter had hoisted the private signal," this strict disciplinarian replies, "Has she indeed, *Jerry?* Let me see: hand me the glass. Aye, so she has, *my fine* fellow." Again, he says to the Boatswain, "Pipe; make sail directly, *Master* Marlin, there's a *good fellow*—there's a *good fellow.*" These endearing appellations remind one rather of the "*Tom* and *Jerry*" trash at the Adelphi, than the tone of a tyrant.

So much for his discipline. Now for his seamanship; and here, from the hardihood which he has displayed in entering into the minutiæ of the service, possibly, the general reader may imagine that he courts, if not defies criticism. One glance of the practised eye detects all this meretricious daubing. To wit—"Tacking" the *Tottumfog*. The word of command as given by her first lieutenant, we literally transcribe—"Helm's alee," says he, when, "the boatswain's pipe gave its usual thrill, which was instantly followed by "*Square the main top-sail-yard*—Forecastle there, shift over the jib-sheet—man the fore and *main* braces—*Haul-of-all*."—"These orders," we are told, "were all *executed* in far less time than they can possibly be *enumerated*."—Doubtless the Tottumfog worked like a top; but as we cannot stop to admire her celerity in "*staying*," which of course was increased by *squaring*,* instead of swinging the *main*-yard, and "*hauling-of-all*," after the novel mode of man-

* Tacking or coming about.

ning the "*main*-braces." We shall merely cite one more example (particularly as *seamanship* is said to be on the wane) for the *benefit* of the "service" and sailors in general.

After Captain *Switchem* makes every preparation for a heavy gale of wind, and that the *Tottumfog* is driven to the *painful* necessity of taking in her tattered main-topsail; the writer informs us that "rolling-tackles, and preventer *sheets* and braces, were *next* clapped on the yards—the storm-trysail, main-staysail, and *storm-jib* got up and set. The yards were lowered to the cap—top-gallant masts sent down—topmasts *struck*, and jib-boom *hauled-in*," &c.

Passing over the folly of clapping on *preventer-sheets* after the sail was furled, a seaman would ask this mock "man-of-war's-man" where he could have picked up the phrase "storm jib," as applied to the jib of a square-rigged vessel. The probability is, that he had heard something about a storm-jib while on his way to London in a "Leith smack," and of course concluded that

vessels square-rigged, as well as "fore-and-aft" rigged, set a storm-jib in bad weather.

But even admitting the *Tottumfog* (the "*Nonsuch*" would have been a more applicable name) sported a storm-jib upon a pinch, how could she possibly have *set* it with her "*topmasts* struck," and (to use so lubberly a phrase) "her *jib-boom hauled in?*"* Downright nonsense! And yet such contemptible stuff—such flagrant and barefaced effrontery, has been suffered to appear periodically for public perusal, for now five years and upwards! Oh, most gullible Mr. Bull! His incidents, if possible, are more clumsily contrived, and are in utter defiance (to say

* These chapters abound with the following phrases:—"*Hoisting* up the ports," for hauling up the ports—"*unreefing* the topsails," for letting out reefs—"studden sails *above* and *below*," for studding sails 'low and aloft—"*foremast*-sails," for head-sails—"*hoisting*-on the mast-ropes," for swaying-on the mast-ropes—"*rearing-up* a grating," for seazing-up a grating—"*get a trial* of soundings," for a cast of the lead—"*steady*," when steering by the wind; besides a variety of misnomers, too numerous to collect in a note.

nothing of common-sense) of all consistency. A man of war is supposed to be in chase of an enemy, and at the same moment falls in with a cruizer: when, instead of both carrying all possible sail in pursuit of the foe, the senior officer, regardless of duty, which might eventually subject him to the possible imputation of cowardice, "*heaves to*," solely for the purpose of communing in person with his junior on the *propriety* of attacking the chase; as if he had not a signal-book or a "*jerry*" on board to telegraph his orders!

This incident will suffice to shew that the "man-of-war's-man" has reason to be proud of his talents at "getting-up" a farce; but he appears ambitious of higer praise, and tries his hand at a tragedy and a procession.

An unfortunate black boy is killed by a fall from aloft, whilst practising with others "at furling the fore-top-gallant-sail;" and we just make an extract from the ninth chapter, which most fortunately and appropriately has for its motto

(and the reader will think, it's *moral* too) the classical quotation,

"Say, shall I sing of a war-ship's *humbugging* ?"

"Next morning," however, we are informed that, "immediately after *divisions* had been *appointed* for the *funeral* (which proved to be a matter of infinite brevity and great simplicity), Captain Switchem appeared on deck in a *mourning-scarf* and sword, *followed* by his officers and Mr. Fudgeforit, who carried a *splendidly*-bound prayer-book under his arm; and, all hands being summoned to the lee gangway, he immediately commenced operations by *prefacing* the service of the dead with a few pithy, and rather *sarcastic* observations on the heedlessness, stupidity, and other bright qualities of the living; he doffed his hat, followed by all hands, opened the prayer-book, and began the church-service in a tone of voice at once grave and dignified, concluding the ceremony with committing the body to the deep; and the service finishing with infinite decorum,

Captain S. shutting the prayer-book, and handing it to the bowing secretary."—Let no man after this call in question the amazing powers and capabilities—the operative mechanics would say, of the steam-engine—no, we mean, of "human invention;" for, since Adam, there never was a few descriptive lines put together, so totally the offspring of imagination, or so completely at variance with fact. "*Divisions* appointed for the *funeral!*" Absurd! The "*Captain* in a *mourning-scarf* and sword!"—a mere chimera of the heated imagination! What next? Why, a sermon!—one is as likely as the other. We have but one more instance on record of a captain in the navy ever performing the duty of an undertaker, who appears to have confined his zeal to merely preparing, as a present, a *coffin* somewhat prematurely for a wounded Hero. This, to be sure, was a startling compliment to the living; but we question whether being decked out in the sable insignia of an hired undertaker

was intended by Captain Switchem as a compliment to the Dead.

But the full exercise of his descriptive powers was reserved, and worthily, for a scene which was to hold up the service (if the pen of a recreant could have done the unworthy office) to reprobation and contempt. The whole passage is worthy of being transcribed at length: but even our zeal for the service is appalled by the dread of being tedious.

"A poor ship's-barber is detected in being drunk, under suspicion, not altogether realized, that he had purloined the liquor from the officer of the watch. The unhappy creature, however, is seazed up to a grating to receive his punishment, and the captain is exhibited as "displaying his teeth with a prominence that could only be *exceeded by an angry cur;* he smiled, or rather *exultingly grinned,* over this unfortunate lover of alcohol, with what appeared to our hero to be the *ferocity* of a *fiend.*—'Boatswain's-mate,' he

exclaimed, 'where's Bird? Aye! here, Bird, take your station, sir, and stand by to *bang* that rascal soundly. Hand me the articles of war—quick, quick!'—'*Off hats!*' *bawled* the first lieutenant. The captain proceeds to read the article affecting the culprit, and exclaims, 'Dy'e hear that, you drunken, thieving blackguard? Sergeant, *attend to* your *glass*, and mind me, you see it *stiffly run* out; and you, Bird, mind what I say, I'll have no feints nor shuffling—do your duty, and do it well, or *God* pity you!' "—What a text for Mr. Hume, Mr. Grey Bennet, or any other enemy of the service! But what follows out-herods Herod. "*Tom* Bird is of the same feather as his captain—A succession of shrieks follows his first lash.—'*One*,' sung the sergeant of marines, and *turned* his *quarter-minute* glass.* Bird then threads the tails of the cat

* *Quarter-minute glass!* The probability is, that, during the composition of this gross and infamous fabrication, the writer had swallowed so many "*stiff glasses*" himself, that he confounded the

through his fingers, makes them spin round his head, and, to give effect to the lash, wheels round on his heel whilst he inflicts a second, which is echoed by the fearful yells of the barber.—'Two!' cried the sergeant, as cool as a cucumber, *again turning his glass.*

"But enough of this (continues the 'Man-of-war's-man); for true it is, that though we are anxious to be *impartial* historians, we confess we shrink with horror from this *Thurtell-like guzzling in blood.*"—We fearlessly pronounce the whole picture a disgraceful, degrading FALSEHOOD, and libel upon the profession.

During twenty-six years of service, in constant employment, we never saw an officer "grin his teeth" on such an occasion, which is always considered a most painful and distressing duty; or ever heard of, much less saw, a "*glass*" produced to prolong a delinquent's suffering, *oh jam satis!*

the word *flog* with *log*, forgetting that it was when "*heaving the log*," and during that process alone, that the "*quarte* or *half* minute-*glass*" was ever *made use* of at sea.

Such a description could only have proceeded from a man who is a secret enemy to the service he affects to eulogize. We agree with him, that had it any existence but in his own invention, it would be a "cool cowardly, contemptible waste of human blood;" though we are fain to believe that no man in the service could ever have glutted himself, even in imagination, with "the *feast of blood*" he describes, except this *soi-disant* "MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN."

SUPERSTITION OF SEAMEN.

WHETHER it arises from a consciousness of the danger to which sailors know their lives are constantly exposed, or the frequent opportunities they have for calm and serious reflection in the lonely mid-watch, surrounded by the most elevating and spirit-stirring scenes in nature, they have, in general, a due sense of the importance of religion, and the existence of a future state. It is no less true, that this sentiment is too often found to be strongly tinctured with its not unfrequent concomitant, superstition. They implicity believe in omens, mermaids, the flying Dutchman, evil spirits, the ap-

pearance of the ghosts of the departed, and the pranks of malicious spirits and goblins. They familiarly talk of frightful sounds and preternatural noises coming up from the deep, all having an import of fearful warning, and occasionally portending accidents, or the death of a messmate. The simple and uneducated mind of the sailor seizes on the supposition of some preternatural occurrence in all such cases, as the easiest way of accounting for these appearances, which a better-informed mind would endeavour to unravel by the application of philosophical principles, or a close examination of the facts—comparing them with the usual operations of nature in such situations. But these are efforts to which a tar is unequal: his creed, therefore, is easily made up, and hence certain shores, islands, and even latitudes, known to the naturalist as abounding in marine animals, which produce strange sounds when approached or surprised on the surface of the water or basking ashore, are

accounted by sailors ominous, and fearful of approach.*

* The instinctive power of marine animals, in anticipating the approach of bad weather, has been well authenticated. The following relation, taken from a work entitled "Voyages to the East-Indies, by John Splinter Stavorinus, Rear-Admiral in the service of the States'-General," &c., will serve as an example:—

"On passing the island of St. Paul's, in the North Indian Ocean, and about six o'clock in the evening, there arose a sound, just like the groaning of a man, out of the sea near the ship's side. When I first heard it, I thought that some one of the crew had been hurt between the decks, and I sent the officer of the watch down to see what was the matter. The men, however, who were on deck, told me that they had heard this noise, arising, as it were, from out of the water, several times before; and I then perceived it to be as they said: for, going on the outside of the 'main chains,' I plainly heard it ten or twelve times repeated. It seemed to recede proportionably as the ship advanced, and, lessening by degrees, died away at the stern. About seven o'clock, the gunner, who came to make a report of some matters relating to his department, informed me, that on one of his India voyages he had met with the same occurrence, and that a dreadful storm had succeeded, which forced them to hand all their sails, and drive at the mercy of the winds and waves

A seaman, too, as devoutly as any methodist, believes in the efficacy of a *call;** with this difference, that the latter imagines it will prove the means of preserving him from perishing finally in fire; the sailor, that, if the legend of his mother and grand-dam be true, it will avert a similar fate by water. Of witches such is his dread, that a horse-shoe, always toe-up, is nailed to the fore part of the fore-mast, as a specific against those unhallowed hags. Is the superstition of a Laplander more silly?

Valuable as a fair wind is to a sailor, he would sooner lose it, and run the chance of its chopping about, and detaining him for weeks

waves for four-and-twenty hours. When he told me this, there was not the least appearance of any storm; yet, before four o'clock next morning, we were scudding under bare poles, in a violent tempest, and the sea running mountains high."

* We are afraid sense has been here sacrificed to sound, if the "*Morning Post*" is authority on so delicate a subject. In the advertisements which so frequently appear in that paper, offering these charmed articles for sale at extravagant prices, they are spelt *cauls*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

in harbour, than voluntarily sail on a Friday. Should he be compelled, from circumstances, to sail on that ill-starred day to school-boys and sailors, he will not fail to attribute to that circumstance every the minutest failure, or most serious accident, which subsequently occurs throughout the voyage.

For some animals they entertain a singular predilection; whilst for whole classes of their fellow creatures, even those whom they permit to plunder them with impunity as a matter of business, they entertain in this respect a comparative horror. No sailor would hesitate to throw a Jew rather than a cat overboard, perhaps without being aware of the high authority which sanctions such a line of distinction. He may think, with his holiness of Rome and general councils, that, in promoting the cause of the extirpation of heretics, he "is doing God service;" whilst he dreads that the offence against the brute creation will be visited by the consequent and inevitable penalties of sickness,

scurvy, hard weather, masts struck by lightning, or vessels miraculously escaping during chase.

Their suspicions are not confined to beasts, as allies of the great enemy of man; even the birds which soar aloft come in for their share, possibly from his considering them as liege subjects of the "prince of the power of the air" (as a great authority calls Satan), and therefore bound to do his dark behests on the viewless winds. Their appearance at sea is almost always thought a sinister occurrence. Some are considered the harbingers of a tempest and storm; others, like "*Mother Carey's chickens*," the active agents of the foul fiend, already bent on their destruction. With reference to these calumniated little creatures, they often gravely tell at night-fall a story, which fails not to make the circle round the galley-fire smaller by degrees as it proceeds—but whether through intense attention or apprehension, it luckily is unnecessary to determine:—as "how the Tiger East-India-man, outerbound, had one continued

gale without intermission, till they got to the 'Cape,' by which time they were almost a wreck: that off the 'Cape of Good Hope,' in particular, they were nearly foundered: that in the height of this gale were seen a number of ominous birds screaming about in the lightning's blaze, and some of them of monstrous shape and size: that among the passengers was a woman called '*Mother Carey*,' who always seemed to smile when she looked up to these foul-weather birds, upon which they concluded she was a witch: that she had conjured them up from the 'Red Sea,' and that they never would have a prosperous voyage while she remained on board: and, finally, that as they were just debating about it, she sprang overboard and went down in a flame; when the birds (ever after called '*Mother Carey's chickens*') vanished in a moment, and left the Tiger to pursue her voyage in peace!"

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

A GALLEY STORY.

"I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then?" * * * *
* * * * * * *
"All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at interval appears."

LORD BYRON.

"WHAT say you, boys, a caulk or a yarn?" says one of the 'quarter-gunners,' addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. "Oh, let's have a yarn, as we've eight hours in," replied one of the topmen. "Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;" and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

"Well, boys!" says Bowers, "let's see, what'll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginney's*, or the saucy *Gee's?**—Come, I'll give you a saucy *Gee*.

"Well, you see, when I sarved in the *Go-along Gee*—Captain D***, he as was killed at Traffly-gar, aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four,—aye, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab,† or fell on a deck.—There warn't a better man aboard from stem to starn. He knew a seaman's duty, and more he never ax'd; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect unpossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man he didn't wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and as for starting,—blow me if he didn't break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope's-ending Tom Cox, the captain o' the fore-top in Plymouth-Sound.—And yet he wasn't a man what courted cocularity;‡ for once

* *Jack's* fancy-names for favourite ships: the *Gee*—the *Glenmore*.

† Epaulette.

‡ This is no far-fetched Malapropism; the man who made use of this expression was subsequently killed, as boatswain of a line-of-battle ship.

desarve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and, d—n it, he'd sink or swim with you!

"He never could abide to hear a man abused:—let's see, was't to the first or second leeftenant he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it *was* the third, kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leeftenant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who'd just sung-out, 'You sir!' you know, to one o' the topmen,—'*You* sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the leeftenant's face,—'pray, sir,' says he, 'how do *you* like to be *you sir'd* yourself?'

"Well, the leeftenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and

no more nor his memory desarves: so here's try again—small helm bo— steady——ey-a.—Well, you know, the *Go-along-Gee* was one o' your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o' nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward.* Well, there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the *Lee Revolushoneer* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dashing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee convoy, as far as Madery or so—to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers, and to

* A judicious remark, though couched in a homely phrase; for it is now proved that fir-built ships, from the difference of their specific gravity, by no means "hold so *good a wind*" as our oak "men-of-war."

bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral:—aye, and I take it the old boy must have boused-up his jib stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was ordered to sail with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gothered together in cove—nigh-hand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the *Polly-infamous*,* sixty-four, was our commodore you know; and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *Cravatte*,† and an 'eighteen-gun-brig.' Well, we sailed with the convoy from cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stagg'ring breeze at east-north-east. *We* was stationed astarn, to jog-up the dull-uns, and to 'touch 'em up in the bunt' with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you

* Polephemus. † Corvette.

know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismasted clean by the board: but the *Go-along-Gee* was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a Mudian. We lost nothing nor the Corporal of marines, as was washed overboard out o' the lee-mizen-chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the Commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed 'em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce; and on one o' those nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on every thing low-and-aloft, looking just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top-sails low'r'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows; what should

I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat-head* at the time); so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say, Bob-bo, did you never hear nothing just now?' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—'Aboard the G—e, ahoy—a—.' There was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we war'nt just then in old Badgerbag's† track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! Well, I looks at Dick,

* Look-out, forward.

† A name given by *Jack* to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers upon first crossing the Line.

and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it is'nt the corporal's ghost!' —'I'm d—d if it is'nt,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore the Corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. Well, says the voice, 'Will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains,* I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. There, I was, as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is *that* Corporal Crag?'

* An external projection affixed to the side of a ship to give spread to the lower or standing rigging (the shrouds), to which the latter are set up or secured.

says I.—'Corporal Hell!' says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—'Well, I sings out for some-un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the Leeftenant himself was as shy as the rest o' the watch). So I sings out again for assistance: for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide* what was softning in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand?' says I, 'or shall I reg'larly turn the jolly† adrift?' Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains—Now what do you think?"—"Why the Corporal's ghost to be sure," says one of the group.—"No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster,‡ dead or alive; but

* That part of a ship's rigging most liable to be chafed or rubbed is usually preserved by pieces of hide being securely sewn around it. Men-of-war have continually, at sea, hides towing overboard in soak.

† Jolly—familiar appellation for a royal marine.

‡ *Jack's* slang for a marine, or soldier in any shape.

as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this:—'twas no more nor a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started* him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost; aye, and running the risk not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life.† And why?—why? bekase the ship had a *name*—to be sure! she *was* the *Gee!!!*"

* Beating with a rope's-end.

† The author served on board this ship at the period above alluded to.

TAX ON COMMISSIONS.

"He paid too dear for his whistle."*

DR. FRANKLIN.

At a time when every exertion is making to take off the fetters which the improvidence and ignorance of former rulers and parliaments had imposed on industry and enterprize, it seems

* A whistle was formerly part of an officer's accoutrements in action. In order to render this motto at all illustrative or intelligible, it will be necessary to go back in our naval history as far as the time of Henry the Eighth, at least; by reference to which it will be found, that the *whistle* was neither the plaything of children, nor the humble official distinction of the hoarse boatswain and his mates. In the desperate action fought by Thomas and Edward Howard, sons of the Earl of Surrey (which last was afterwards Lord Admiral of England), with the celebrated

rather extraordinary that the attention of the Admiralty has not been drawn to the subject of a tax payable on officers' commissions. This tax, whilst its amount to the public is, if not contemptible, certainly inconsiderable, proves a great hardship upon officers, more especially when

Scotch captain of a letter-of-marque, Andrew Breton—granted to him against the ships of Portugal in consequence of the murder of his father, and detention of his ships, by the Portuguese; Rapine relates, "that Breton, though grievously wounded, cheered his men on with his whistle even to his last breath." Though falsely described by King Henry as a pirate, in his instructions to the Howards, that prince dismissed the prisoners. The King of Scotland demanded reparation for the outrage in vain, and it became a cause of quarrel between the two nations. It is about this period that we hear, for the first time, of a *whistle* being used in the navy; but it appears to have been then suspended at the breast of the Lord High Admiral: for, in addition to his other insignia, the gallant Sir Edward Howard actually wore a golden one when he engaged the French galleys near Brest. Since that period, silver has been substituted for the more precious metal: and this shrill ancient instrument of authority has fallen in rank in proportion to its depreciation in value, and has descended from the neck of a Commander-in-chief to that of the Boatswain.

appointed to a ship from half-pay. On every commission issued, or appointment made out by the Admiralty, there is a separate duty or tax payable by the officer so appointed. Fortunately, it is not required from midshipmen on their being "turned over" from one ship of war to another, or it might often prove the means of confining a spirited youth to a guard-ship for life. As it affects commissioned officers, however, it is sufficiently injurious and inconvenient in its consequences. Even a midshipman, on being appointed lieutenant, is compelled to part with his money as the price of a commission, already, perhaps, dearly purchased with his blood. In this way a gallant young Mid may feel himself necessitated, according to the rules of the service, to pay a fee for having the awkwardness to come in contact with a "two-and-thirty-pounder," and lose a leg or an arm. The payment in this case is a guinea: in some instances the appointment may be made out to a "ship in ordinary," merely to give him rank;

in due course he is appointed to a vessel on service; his former payment of the tax avails him nothing, and he is obliged once more to pay a guinea. It sometimes happens, that, through accident, unfitness, the dry-rot, or other cause, the officer may, in a couple of months, be shifted into four or five other ships; and he is of course obliged, on each occasion, to pay half the tax, as it were to make him feel, more sensibly, the inconvenience of being shifted about from ship to ship. This tax, too, falls most heavily on those whose emoluments are less considerable; namely, Lieutenants, who are always shifting about, whilst the Commander or Captain remains stationary, and seldom incurs the duty. If the change happens to be made from half to full pay, the difficulty is not so great; as the agents, even if they be of the tribe of Levi, feel less reluctance to open their purses and defray the charge, in expectation of increased commission and agency. An attempt is made to render the superior officers' commissions equally prolific as a subject

of taxation: a commander paying two guineas, a captain more, and so on up to an admiral. These fees may, perhaps, not be considered quite so onerous or objectionable. It is, however, obvious that, taking into consideration the low rate of pay, and their more frequent liability to be removed from one ship to another, a very considerable portion of the tax falls upon the Lieutenants. From the attention which has been paid to the improvement of the regulations of the service, it appears reasonable to imagine that the subject may have hitherto escaped the attention of the Admiralty; and that the mere suggestion may induce their Lordships to recommend the discontinuance of a tax, so unequally pressing on the younger branches of the profession.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

" Oh, flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified!"

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of our colonies —especially taking into consideration that it is the nearest home—so little known, both as respects its internal state or its commercial importance, as the island of Newfoundland. Though extending three hundred miles in length, and nearly the same in breadth, covered with wood, abounding in noble harbours, intersected by navigable streams, and possessing a soil (contrasting it with its present state) capable of a much higher degree of cultivation in the interior

of the country, which is every where diversified with picturesque scenery—this island may as yet be pronounced to be, for the most part, uninhabited;* a fact which is altogether unaccountable, and almost incredible in an age like this, when the tide of emigration may be said (to use a nautical expression) to have set in so strongly, for many years past, to the westward. This disposition, it must be regretted, has become almost uncontrollable of late in British subjects; nor can it be repressed, either by the warnings recorded in the public prints, or the private journals of intelligent travellers, detailing the distresses and misery of hordes of our countrymen, upon their first landing in the United States, in consequence of want of employment; nor by the tragic narratives of the melancholy dupery and aggravated sufferings, through pestilence and famine, of crowds of deluded and innocent ad-

* The whole interior of this island, which is larger than all Ireland, is almost unknown to the colonists. Its extremely scanty population consists of the red or native Indians.

venturers, swept, with their little families, into untimely graves on the naked and unhospitable Mosquito shore, to feed the rapicity of unblushingly-avowed and newspaper-puffing Poyais-loan-*per-centage* agents, and the still more cruel cupidity of a calculating coward, at once the fell scourge of his credulous countrymen, and foul stain on the military character.

Without affecting to submit a syllable, in the way of advice, to those whose official duty it is to take such important questions into consideration, we must still be of opinion that there is in this colony, from advantages already enumerated, a fairer field to deploy with success that portion of our population which we are, now-a-days, so much in the habit of alleging to be redundant at home, than in others which have been selected by the colonists themselves, or by those who catered for their immediate comforts or probable future prosperity. It has been objected, by some persons not altogether unacquainted with this island, that it is over-

stocked already, for its means of maintaining a population. Nothing is more fallacious: hitherto the fishery has been the only mode resorted to for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood; agriculture, mining, and other avocations, are never thought of.

FIRES AT SAINT JOHN'S.

" Diverso interea miscentur mœnia luctu;

* * * *

———: Sigea igni freta lata relucent,

Exoritur clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum."

VIRGIL.

For some years past the governor* and a small squadron have uniformly wintered at Saint

* By a recent regulation this colony is placed under a civil governor, although the present is also an officer of the navy. We perceive by the official Gazettes he has lately appointed some of the merchants and medical practitioners of St. John's to

John's, contrary to former practice. During the first three years which succeeded this new arrangement, this capital was at different times discovered to be on fire. Upon two of these occasions, one-third of its opposite extremes was literally burnt to the ground: indeed, for three years successively, upon the close of the fishery for the season, or rather upon the return of the *Paddies** into port, an annual fire was as regularly looked for as the coming of the frost; nor is it unworthy of remark, that, whilst every provision was made, on the part of the inhabitants, to guard against the severity of the

to hold important situations in "the household," and that the *aides-de-camp* in waiting are to rank with Colonels of militia. We cannot help thinking this anxiety to decide the rank of persons of their profession and occupation altogether superfluous; for although they may be at present in very good *odour* at court, former Governors were observed to turn up their noses at their pretensions, as if they could found no title to "*rank*," but in a sense peculiar to themselves.

* An endearing appellation by which the fishermen in this country are designated, the majority of whom are Irish.

one, few took the slightest precaution to prevent a recurrence of the other,* notwithstanding the direful calamities with which they had been so frequently visited. If the governor suggested any precautionary expedient for the prevention of fire, or, in the event of its occurring, issued orders calculated, as he thought, to avert the inevitable destruction of property that must in such cases be expected to ensue, he was sure to be attacked through the medium of the radical press and anonymous pamphlets; if not opposed by the "grand jury," or even a grand deputation from the commercial community, on the subject of this presumed encroachment on civil rights.†

* From localities peculiar to this place, built as the town is, entirely of wood, the vast quantities of oil, either in store or exposed in open air, rendering in vats in every direction, perhaps there is no set of people so liable (to use their own phraseology) to be "*frost-burnt*" as the Fishmonger's Company of St. John's.

† At the moment this work goes to press, we have learned that, at the close of the sessions before last, in consequence of charges made

The first fire which occurred during this period at Saint John's, happened at the least dangerous season of the year. About the end of the month of August, at midnight, a flame was first discovered by the vigilance of the look-out from the

made in presenting a petition from Saint John's, by a gentleman who plumes himself rather upon the honours he derives from the corporate body of Aberdeen, than the kindness of his friends in the little burgh of Montrose, who first fostered his senatorial fortunes and arithmetical talents, he was called on to retract certain unworthy and dishonourable insinuations relative to the late governor of Newfoundland. To the first application, through the medium of a polite note, no answer was received; but a personal application having been made, the dignity of the criminal—or, more properly speaking, criminatory judge—felt it convenient to relax, rather than brave the honest resentment of an injured officer, "confessed the cape," backed out and apologized. But here, as in most cases of privileged slander, the calumny had been disseminated widely: it had reached the seat of his government, and the mischief was consummated; whilst the apology, through the unpresuming spirit and honourable forbearance of the gallant admiral, was accepted without any stipulation that it should be made public. With truth says Falstaff, that wiseacre in proverbs, "the better part of valour is discretion." The gallant admiral is accounted one of the first shots in the service.

flag-ship. The alarm-gun was instantly fired, the report of which echoing among the surrounding hills at so silent an hour of the night, was truly appalling, more particularly as its cause could not be misunderstood. The affrighted inhabitants, suddenly roused from deep sleep, issued forth in dismay from their dwellings at the well-known clang of the fire-bell. Women with children in their arms, and many with helpless infants at the breast, were seen flying in every direction, *en chemise*, for refuge to their more fortunate friends, situated at a distance from the fire—which rapidly spread amongst streets consisting entirely of wooden houses—or to the church, the constant asylum on each of those calamitous occasions. Every aid that could possibly be spared, consistent with the safety of the squadron, was instantly sent to the scene of devastation. Parties were despatched provided with buckets, hatchets, hawsers, and every auxiliary implement that the experienced could devise for subduing the fire, with the exception of engines,

as, from the proximity of the men-of-war, which lay to leeward of the flames, it became necessary to employ them in playing upon the rigging, until the ships were in readiness to slip from their moorings, and haul out of reach of the fast-falling flakes, which showered constantly round them.

Being amongst the first of those officers who proceeded on shore, with a view to tranquillize the tumult of the people, we were surprised to witness, amid this scene of horror and destruction, such a manifestation of opposite feeling. They who were insured,* were philosophically passive, and submitted to their fate without a murmur; whilst, on the contrary, those uninsured, were either too irresolute or too furious in their conduct to be practically useful. The rich, awaiting the inevitable destruction of their property, were almost frantic with despair; whilst

* It is whispered amongst the better-informed of this island, that some of the mercantile community have most opportunely escaped bankruptcy, by what might almost be termed a providential conflagration.

the poor (particularly the *Paddies*) were delighted beyond measure at the prospect of plunder which presented itself, and the favourable opportunity now afforded them to retaliate past favours upon their employers.

The Military were not less quick in their movements than the Navy, and were admirably arranged in line to facilitate the necessary supply of water. Indeed, both services displayed, at every risk, the greatest possible coolness and courage in their exertions to extinguish the flame; although (unaccountable to relate) the authority for this prompt and active interference was not only questioned, by those whose property our men were actually endeavouring to preserve, but was even vociferously disputed by one or two democratical demagogues, who literally exhausted the Billingsgate vocabulary of abuse, in exciting the lower orders to riot with the troops.—But even in more civilized countries, similar calamitous occurrences afford ample opportunities for the development of vicious and virtuous principles. As

the fire commenced in the north-east, in which point was also the wind now increasing in violence with the flames, it communicated rapidly from building to building, and store to store. Wet blankets and carpets were extended along the tops and sides of the houses, to render the wooden material of which they were constructed less liable to take fire; but as every effort was found to be ineffectual to subdue the flame, an expedient was suggested by a captain in the navy—(who, it is to be remarked, by way of parenthesis, evinced the temper of a saint under showers of abuse, which rained thick and threefold upou both him and his abhorred expedient). There was no time for idle parley or consultation: the necessity for making a breach in the street, by levelling one or two of the houses contiguous to the fire, so as to cut off the communication, was sufficiently apparent; but how to put into execution so prompt a mode of accomplishing this desirable object, was a question of considerable solicitude. It was proposed by a military officer

to blow up, with a few barrrels of powder, some of the intervening houses, as the most effectual expedient; but this was rejected, notwithstanding the celerity of the process, as appearing to savour too strongly of the belligerent principle.

The axe and the saw were now resorted to. The principal upright beams which supported these buildings were sawn through at the base: but these firm fabrics were found to be too strongly constructed to be felled by ordinary means. At this perilous period, with the presence of mind so truly characteristic of the tar, a seaman taking the end of a hawser in his hand, ascended by a ladder the top of the dwelling about to be, as he termed it, "dowsed," and succeeded in securing it sufficiently firm round the house. An hundred hands now hastily grappled the rope: the hawser, however, it was now thought, was likely to give-way before the house, and it became necessary to attach a second. This was soon accomplished: but the "miracle" of making a breach in this modern Jericho was reserved, as of old, for

the clergy; for just then the well-known shrill voice of the priest was heard vociferating from the crowd, "Follow me, boys—follow father Fitzgerald!" when a phalanx of fishermen flocked round their pastor: their numbers and exertions increasing, until (to use the humorous expression of the priest) "every mother's son of them" clapt on both hawsers, and with a hearty hurrah hurled the building to the ground.

The praiseworthy exertions of the priest thus produced effects doubtless considered miraculous by his flock;* useful they were, certainly, not

* The power of the priests here is fully as great over the lower orders of the people, who are principally papists, as it is in other countries; but there is a more pacific disposition, and less persecuting feeling, on their part, towards those who entertain a different creed. Indeed, the persons most prone in this colony to religious differences are of that sect so appropriately denominated "Dissenters." *En passant*, it would be unpardonable here to pass unnoticed the singular difference in the state of society in this island and that of Ireland, to which it bears, in a religious point of view, a strong resemblance. Though the vast majority of its population are Roman Catholics, no rivalry nor discontent prevails,

only as the means of preventing the further destruction of property, but, in all probability, of saving more souls in this world than ever he was likely to do in the next.

The fire, in consequence of the breach being effected, was subdued by degrees, or spent itself, owing to this precaution, for want of fuel. No lives were lost; but much valuable property, insured and uninsured, perished by the flames, or was plundered by the *Paddies.**

vails, although the government and all official situations are filled by Protestants. The Roman Catholic Bishop entertains and is entertained by the governor and official persons, not excepting the officers of both army and navy; and, unlike the policy pursued at public dinners in Ireland, no controverted topics of religion are ever discussed, or political toasts introduced, which could be construed into the slightest attempt to foment disunion or embroil religious professors.

* On other occasions, it was notorious that a considerable part of the property plundered was secreted and carried away in boats, called "*jack-asses*," to the outports; in consequence of which, the then governor (Sir Charles Hamilton) ordered, that in all cases of fire a guard should be rowed by the boats of the men-of-war

COURTS OF JUDICATURE.

"'Tis an ill wind," says the proverb, "that blows nobody good;" so it has ever been a bad fire at Saint John's that did not bring abundance of business to the gentlemen of the bar. As surely as ever sharks followed ships whose crews have been afflicted with contagion, so surely, in all cases of conflagration, followed a train of actions for assaults, batteries, trespasses, indictments for misdemeanors, and other offences, though rarely for robberies; possibly, because the confusion which prevailed on such occasions, and the extent to which depredations of the latter nature were carried, rendered individual detection extremely difficult; and, even when detected, justice was often defrauded of its victim, in consequence of the too general impunity with which offences

war in the harbour: a judicious precaution, which, however unpalatable to those active marauders, was productive of beneficial results in protecting property so circumstanced.

of every kind are committed in this singular state of society.*

The judicature of this country is vested in the chief justice; who, whilst personally presiding over the "supreme court" in the capital, is assisted in the administration of justice in the distant districts by the naval officers† employed on the station, who periodically visit the out-ports in his Majesty's ships for that purpose:

* It is ludicrous to observe how, in the opinion of the colonists here, the mother country already begins to retrograde in civilization. It is not unusual with the supreme judges to condemn the "*Paddies*," in heinous cases, to a re-transportation to their native shore.—Alas! poor Ireland!

† For several years these officers had not only to perform judicial, but divine duties: nor was it uncommon for a captain to marry a couple in the morning—pronounce judgment upon a legal question in the afternoon—christen a child in the evening—and put to sea at midnight. This latter practice, though bold, is, in case the moon is up, proved by experience to be safe and judicious on this coast, from the general prevalence of fogs in the day-time, which are remarked to be less dense and frequent in moon-light nights.

a duty which excites no less apprehension from the dangers incident to so intricate a navigation, despite of all weathers at fixed and stated intervals, than from the difficulties and serious responsibilities attached to the due performance of a task equally onerous and novel to mere naval commanders.

For if, on the one hand, it requires considerable nautical ability to navigate a ship on this coast, from the uncertainty of the currents, frequency of the fogs, and the little dependence which can be placed on the *lead;* it, on the other, demands the exercise of a naturally sound judgment, and a more than ordinarily discriminative faculty in a naval officer, to be able to wend his way through the devious intricacies of fraud, and avoid those rocks and quicksands, too often interposed between the judge and the attainment of an equitable adjudication, by the partiality of official pilots (frequently in cases in which they themselves are concerned), or the craft or perjury of interested witnesses.

The derobed gentlemen of the "long-robe"* (who, by-the-bye, practise only in the supreme court) constantly dabble, like Caleb Quotem, in various avocations—notary, attorney,† advocate, and even auctioneer: and more than one jack-a-napes‡ has been known to be committed for flagrant breaches of decorum and disrespect to the bench.

The cases and decisions cited by those gentlemen "learned in the law," from reports of proceedings in the King's-Bench, and other courts at home, are not often more relevant than those classical quotations with which their pleadings

* These gentlemen as yet have not assumed the dignity of the gown.

† According to a French witty authority, an "attorney is a *cat* that settles differences between *mice*." Had he seen this colony, he would probably have defined him a shark, that decides disputes between fish.

‡ Query, Jack Dawe?—Any persons having resided in St. John's, must have often witnessed the insolent pertinacity of this chatterer, and few are unacquainted with the mishaps of a bird of this feather, both in a trial at Exeter and in the "Common Pleas."

are interlarded, to the astonishment of the litigious multitude and secret delight of the imperturbable gravity of the judge.

JUDGES.—BENBOW ON THE BENCH.

"Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
Castigatque, auditque dolos, subigitque fateri."

THE surrogates,* who may be considered as judges of assizes, are never, as in England, accompanied in their progress by the bar. One beneficial consequence is the necessary result: namely, business is quickly despatched—legal formalities being for the most part judiciously dispensed with by these judicial Daniels.

The prevarication of witnesses and evasive habits of the *Paddies*, frequently put the temper

* By a late act of Parliament, naval officers no longer perform this duty.

of the bench to the severest test, particularly if the luckless Surrogate happens, as is sometimes the case, to have scarely closed his eyes whilst preparing himself for the toils of the succeeding day; painfully pursuing, in the midnight gloom of his cabin, principles and cases through the hitherto unfathomed and chartless tomes of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and "Burn's Justice," which, in all probability, were but a few days before served-out, like other slops, from His Majesty's stores."*

It will be here pertinent to state the case of a worthy and gallant officer, who acknowledged that he felt himself almost equally embarrassed, in his lucubrations over Blackstone and Burn, as he on other occasions had once felt when applying himself for information to that manual of dowagers and puzzle to the sex, "Buchan's Domestic Medicine:" being, in both cases, equally at a loss to classify the evil or select the remedy.

* *Query*, Drawn by the captain or the boatswain.

The constitution of these courts of surrogate is in itself deserving of notice. In the town next in importance to the capital, *Placentia*, a late sheriff was, as the London radical phrase runs, an operative* fisherman, and the principal magistrate a killer of men and a curer of cod.† The court-house had undergone a singular, though here not unfrequent, metamorphosis, having been a wooden storehouse for cured fish. Upon this store it was the bowman of the boat's duty, on reaching the beach, to hoist a spare ship's ensign, as a signal for holding a court. Shortly after followed the captain's or lieutenant's coxswain, laden with a cloak-bag filled with books; the surrogate officer closed the train, attended by two of the resident magistrates, a couple of midshipmen, the captain's clerk as registrar of the court, and a few fisher-

* *Vide* Queen Caroline's Addresses.

† It is, from what has been said, unnecessary to explain that he was a compound of those well-known intimates of the fell '*Romeo*' and frantic '*Hamlet*,'—apothecary and fishmonger.

men of the place as criers and tipstaves. On arriving near the court-house, he is met by a crowd of litigants and their friends, who are generally sincere in their demonstrations of personal respect and gratification at his arrival, since they are much more likely to obtain redress or justice at the hands of any stranger than from their own magistrates, who are often either plaintiffs or defendants themselves, and do not hesitate to influence their brother magistrates, or even sit upon the bench pending the decisions of their own cases. Petitions are crowded on "his honour, and his right honourable lordship." Proclamation is made for opening the court: the naval officer takes his seat aloft, arranging his gold-laced hat on one side of him on the bench, and his side-arms, as the sword of justice, on the other. The stores of Themis are ostentatiously spread before the court, to whose voluminous contents it is more than doubtful that either judge, magistrate, sheriff, or any

individual in court could possibly make a pertinent reference.

Upon one of those occasions, an unfortunate fisherman endeavoured to recover an overcharge made by a medical magistrate for the accouchement of the poor man's wife. There appeared to be much difficulty in sifting the case to the bottom; the judge, for perspicuity sake, putting his questions through the medium of nautical phraseology; sometimes in very undignified English, and frequently through an interpretation into Irish. The witness appearing resolutely determined to be dull of comprehension, the judge forgot all his assumed official dignity, and with great warmth exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, young fellow, I'll bring you up with a round turn directly"—(not of course, that he meant to hang him)—"Answer me directly, sir," adding in an under tone, "D—n the fellow! he claps a stopper over all our proceedings." The witness still continuing to prevaricate, the judge rose in a menacing attitude, and said, "I have

had enough of your traverse sailing, and if you don't answer that plain question, by G—d, I'll give you three dozen directly!"—All necessity for an interpreter now vanished; the witness answered explicitly—truth was elicited, and justice administered.

COLONIAL PRESS.

"*Scribimus indocti doctique.*"

HORACE.

THAT the appetite for news, which is so characteristic of Englishmen at home, has lost none of its keenness from their migration across the Atlantic, may be fairly inferred from the well-known fact, that there were at one time no less than four newspapers established in the small town of Saint John's (Newfoundland), the resident population of which does not exceed eight

thousand persons; a fact which seems difficult to be accounted for, as, through above five if not six months of the year, the editorial tribe must draw entirely from their own necessarily circumscribed and stinted wells of information, being frequently altogether excluded from intercourse with Europe from November to April.

As, in the case of animal aliment, the smaller the supply of food for the mind, the greater the eagerness of the people of Saint John's to procure it, the higher the value set on it, and the greater the gratification with which it appears to be devoured; all is grist that comes to mill pending this period of estrangement from the mother country, during which the severity of the climate enforces the observance of a species of mental "non-intercourse act."

The contributors to these ephemeral productions are as liberal as they are multifarious. The disquisitions on philosophical and physical subjects daily fill whole columns, and are furnished in gross by the disciples of Galen and

Paracelsus. However large the bolus, the piscatory public gulp it down with a zest: the editors gladly open their columns to matter so generally interesting; and nothing, save prescriptions, is proscribed: a merciful regulation for the profession itself, lest the probability of a fee should become problematical!

It is a fact, that a controversy continued for six months, discussing the existence or non-existence of a disease which had already swept away the fairest part of the rising generation; some denominating it scarlet fever, others scarlatina.

> "Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

The subtle enemy of the future hope of propagation, however, finally defeated every effort of these polemic controvertists to detect either its appropriate name or distinctive essence. The disease died a natural death, by the anticipated decease or miraculous recovery of all the suffering innocents, without elucidating any new light on

this anxiously-mooted question; and the controversy was swept away by the first thaw, in all probability to be revived with renovated ardour at the setting in of the next frost.

All subjects connected with the naval or military professions were carefully abstained from by gentlemen in either service, although constant contributors on almost every other topic; a moderation originating, perhaps, in the dread entertained of opening afresh the flood-gates of abuse and personality, which the radical press (for even here are radicals!) always felt itself privileged to direct against every officer who had the spirit to maintain opinions, which might be construed as militating against the majesty of the mob. The affectation which pervaded the contributions of these modern military literati displayed how very independently they had formed their style of the admired principles of composition, which have given so great a *gusto* to the works of those writing, fighting characters of antiquity, Xenophon and Cæsar. The mate-

rials of these compositions are, for the most part, such as might be expected; but it would puzzle a conjuror to tell what could have determined the several contributors in their extraordinary selection of literary *aliases*, or *nommes de guerre*. The most ordinary were, "Mercator, Piscator, Viator, Benbow, Bobstay," and even "Boreas," which were indifferently affixed to eprigrams, elegies, political squibs, tales of love, and satirical poetry.

These important persons have long since become so well acquainted with their value, as correspondents in a place so destitute of news, that they completely lord it over the unhappy editor; frequently sacrificing, to their amusement or pique, the interest of his establishment, in right of their gratuitous contributions. For never yet, we believe, has the daily press in this country stooped to the disgrace of buying or remunerating the labours of any individual (the editor albeit always excepted).

All the evils which are held by some to follow

in Great Britain from the influence and exertion of an unpaid magistracy,* are in reality felt at Newfoundland, from the want of that responsibility attached to stipendiaries, in the republic of newspaper literature.

Notwithstanding that newspapers in this colony are saleable without being subject to any duty, it would appear that the profits, arising from that of even the most extensive circulation, are no more than competent to the maintenance of a family. In the instance alluded to, the various departments of exertion left no individual, young or old, male or female, unoccupied. The father took the literary lead, and wrote the leading article; the son-in-law (an half-pay purser in the navy) sometimes sported a quiet quill on a little quackery in political economy; the mother, not having much pretensions to letters ex-

* The writer wishes it to be understood, that it is not intended here to attempt to arbitrate between the advocates and opposers of a system which has set at variance so many wise heads in both houses of Parliament.

cept in type (for she could assist as compositor at a pinch), collected and arranged little receipts for preserves, pickling, and pretty progeny; whilst the daughters, who were spinsters, professing total ignorance of the mystery of the latter composition, confined their talents to aiding in the composition of type, and correcting the press, which usually went on during the hour of tea, when every avowed contributor considered himself a privileged guest.

Humble as it was, this might be considered the only thing resembling the literary *soirée* of a well-known retired actress,* and active proprietress; at which, now-a-days, the company are treated with a sight of the lions on a Sunday evening, previous to their public production in the ensuing week. Maugre all the bustle of the scene, the blunders to be corrected, and the brogue of the ladies (for all residents speak almost equally discordant in either an Irish or Devonshire accent), the scene was interesting enough to collect many of their

* Of London.

contributors, to dissipate the *ennui* particular to a place so circumscribed as to society, by correcting the errors of the press in their own contributions; of which, we shall close this article by subjoining extracts, grave and gay, leaving the reader to pronounce on their comparative merits. Though the specimens are possibly none of the best that might have been selected, they are not altogether destitute of point; and some of them, of the gravest character, may, notwithstanding, be said to contain ample matter for mirth and laughter

RECREATIONS IN RHYME,

BY THE

LIEGES OF SAINT JOHN'S.

" *For the Newfoundland Royal Gazette.**

" Mr. Editor:

" Sir,—If you think the following reflections, caused by the late destructive fire, worthy a place in your interesting paper, you will oblige by your insertion,

" AUGUSTUS."

———" And morn came on, by softest silence led:
The moon† was ris'n—she left the noon-day sun

* A misnomer—read Radical Gazette.

† This contributor was strongly suspected of lunacy.

To other climes; while here each twinkling star
Roll'd in its orb, in midnight beauty blush'd.
The hour was sacred—silence all around!
But, lo! the hour of rest and quiet fled!
The heavens alone had peace, and dying men
Once more were rous'd from sleep by cannons' roar,
With cries of fire! and by the toll of bells.
The awful grandeur burst, and to the winds
Gave thickest clouds of heated, rolling smoke:
The flames flew wildly up, as if Despair
Had urged them, and on revenge were bent;
Like that which chainless maniacs display,
Or fiery justice from th' eternal throne.
* * * * * * *
Will *this* remind us of a future hour,
As morning stars of the coming day,
Or evening suns of the approaching night?
Whose pomp shall burst, and whose loud trump shall sound,
While nature sleeps in dust; and few shall be
To tell when sprang the fire the world involves.
Then none shall *quench* the *flaming skies* and *world*,
But yield submission to the angel call,

And fly to judgment, where all works must stand
The gui[illegible] moving test of spirit &c.

"*Newfoundland*, 1819." "AUGUSTUS."

"VERBUM STULTIS.

"Ye manglers of rhyme,
And ye murd'rers of prose,
If you had your deserts
You'd get pull'd by the nose.

"Do you think that the public
Have nothing to do
But to read the d——d stuff
That is written by you?

"I wish that the devil,
Who, I'm sure, is your patron,
Had the friend and Sir Knight,
With the doctors and matron."

INVOCATION.

Extracted from a Poem entitled "NEWFOUNDLAND."

"The land I sing, where fish and oil abound,
And od'rous flakes the public streets surround;*
Where five long months the driving snows assail,
And ice keeps off the packet and the mail;
Where *perfume* rises with the rising sun;
Where half-starv'd pigs and puppies run
In quest of fish; and when its on the fork,
Ye *whangers!*† judge how savory is the pork!"

And then, in allusion to the marriages made by naval and military officers amongst the fair colonists—

"Hook'd like a cod-fish, as a beaver caught,
They curse the snares their *lovely* partners wrought.
Retreat is vain, their fate for ever seal'd,
And vanquish'd man to woman yields the field:
Bows to a yoke his better sense despises;
Sinks into *nothing*, and a whanger rises."

* This writer might have concisely described the aspect of this coast in two words, as—in winter, it is covered with flakes of snow—in summer, with flakes of fish.

† Slang of the colony for fish-curers.

"ADVICE TO A FLIRT.

"No longer this flirting, dear Fan,
This 'working a traverse' won't do;
Plain sailing's a far better plan,
For a girl so anxious to woo.

"Away, then, with 'humming and hawing;'
Steer steady and straight after me;
They never gain ground who are 'yawing,'
But often are 'brought by the *Lee*.'*

"Then hark unto honest advice,
And veer not about with the wind;
Just tell me, I'm not fit to 'splice,'
Or decidedly not to your mind.

"So settle my fate—for I feel
I'm sure to be 'taken aback;'
If so, I'll 'come round on my heel,'
And 'stand on the opposite tack.'

"BEN BOBSTAY."

* Nautical phrase; also the fair lady's name.

The two following are curious specimens of the "grave and gay"—we suspect the writer of the first to have been more of a ship-builder than qualified to "build the lofty rhyme."

"THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S GRAVE.

"No recording stone discloses
Where the shipwreck'd tar reposes --
No grass grows o'er a sailor's grave,
Whose pale corse, cover'd by the wave,
In sea-weed shrouded lies!

"No weeping kindred o'er his bier
Shed affliction's grieving tear;
Yet weep they when they hear the tale,
That, in December's boist'rous gale,
The lov'd one's lost at sea!

"Do friends his death-bed then surround?
Ah! no—he hears not, save the sound
Of sea-bird's scream—or voice of woe,
As each poor shipmate sinks below
The ocean's briny billow!

"It heeds not where death meets the brave,
Whether on land or stormy wave:
His bosom shrinks it at the blast;
He gives one sigh to joys long past—
And sinks, resign'd, to rest!"

"*St. John's, 25th January*, 1819."

A rare and happy specimen of quaint verse!

"FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

"The magi of the present day,
Try some to wound, others slay.
Stop, vain, foolish, scribbling man,
That 'temptest more than do *ye* can.
Scurr'lous! as unavailing,
Seems the whole of your writing.
As *Christians* conduct yourselves.
Not like *tartarian* elves.
Oh, shame! thus a *a lady fair* to lash,
In plumage deck'd, *cuts no common dash.*
Have mercy, LITERATI!
On this *our* community,

Else '*Whangers*' will have at ye,
Maid, Matron, soon you'll see
Ye censure undeservedly;
Yet mercy still sheweth thee.
'T appears in you a disease,
For you *cut-up* whom *ye* please,
Careless of your *ranc'rous prong*
Is saucy 'OLD GO-ALONG.'"

"*St. John's, 25th January,* 1819."

"A RAKING BROADSIDE AT PARTING.

"Farewell to this cod-fishing coast,
Its prevalent fogs and its frost!
Adieu to a people who boast
Of a breed unaccountably crost.

"Farewell to each marrying maid,
Each marital match-making mother:
Adieu to the plots ye have laid
To trick me by threats from a brother.

"Farewell to each mountain and moor,
Each desolate barren and bog;
Adieu to the dogs, who endure
The devil's-own '*life* of a *dog*.'

"Farewell to the stench of each stage,*
The odours of oil in the 'vat;'
Adieu to the radical rage,
And the system of plundering *Pat*.

"Farewell to eternal misnomers,
And things by young misses misnam'd;
Adieu to the priests of St. Omer's—
May their flocks, and their fields, be reclaim'd!

"Farewell to the '49th Act:'†
The Sessions, and 'Surrogate Court:'
Adieu to the judges—in fact,
God help the poor *Paddies* in port!

"H. M. S * * * * * * *. "D. I. O."

"*St. John's*, 21*st December* 1819."

* Fish-stage.

† The 49th Act of Parliament—"An Act for establishing Courts of Judicature in the Island of Newfoundland."

NAVAL CLUB-HOUSE.

"STRENUA NOS EXERCET INERTIA."

A WET DAY.

"The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discussed the world, and settled all the spheres;
The wits watched every loophole for their art,
To introduce a bon-mot head and ears."

LORD BYRON.

A FLOCK of wild geese, in their migratory flight, is not more indicative of bad weather than a crowded assemblage at the club. The daily avocations and destinies of its members appear entirely to be governed by the state of the atmosphere: for whether Flag-officer, Post-captain, Commander, or "Physician of the fleet," they all seem to be under the same barometical influence.

When the weather is fair, the club is deserted for the street; and when foul, the street, but

more particularly the residence of each individual, is deserted for the club. The more dreary the day, the more thronged the assemblage of the dismal within, to dissipate, if possible, the gloom without. Stimulated by so powerful a motive, neither the dampness nor the severity of the weather deter from their enforced attendance at this Hôtel de la Marine, the old, the billious, and even the hypochondriacal; which latter, by the bye, have increased in a proportionate ratio to the prolongation of a peace so generally deplored, not more in the maritime than it would appear in the mercantile world* at the present day.

It was on such a day that I visited the club, to ascertain the existence of the many advantages promised me from brother officers by becoming a member. Just as I had entered the hall, I was

* This belligerent anxiety on the part of our merchants appears to be fast abating, in proportion as they begin to feel the beneficial effects of the repeal of restrictive duties, and the adoption by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson of more liberal regulations as to our commercial intercourse with other nations.

familiarly accosted by an old shipmate, who, after congratulating me on my "luck, for having under my lee such an anchorage," kindly offered his services to shew me the conveniences of the establishment, and "point out to me its comforts." —"Here you are," says he, bringing me over to the window and looking at the curtains,—"See! brail-up as close as you like,"—and then, taking hold of the tassel of the window-blind, which, (suiting the action to the word) he quickly pulled down with evident satisfaction, exclaimed,— "Shut the sun out like shot"—"down fore-sail in a crack"—"every comfort, you see"—"cheap chop in a jiffy"—"best pint o' wine"—"'port it ourselves"—"pay no waiters"—"besides, my boy," he continued, "you've a chap in livery behind your chair during dinner."—When, having nearly run out his reckoning, he looked round inquisitively; a chronometer clock catching his eye, he pointed to it with exultation (possibly arising from a fellow-feeling with so many of the club, who repaired there solely to kill old Time), and

exclaimed, "Aye! and dam'me! you can *make* it twelve o'clock when *you like!*"—Happily illustrative, thought I, of the enviable delights of this establishment! Ascending with him up stairs, at one of the tables, we observed a pair of old Post-captains, who, from their sickly aspect, were evidently much nearer their grave than their Flag, poring over the last number of the Navy-list, and betraying a peculiar satisfaction in their looks as the elder struck his pen through the names of their seniors, who had died since its publication. "Well!" said the veteran, as he concluded the agreeable task of blotting so many brother officers out from the list of the living, "thank God! there are five more within these three months have resigned their flags in our favour!" We quickiy brushed by a group whose attention was directed to an amicable dispute between two juvenile Commanders, who, like "prophets of the past," were fighting afresh battles formerly fought shy: the youngest of whom was cutting up the conduct of Calder with the greatest severity.—

"D—n it," said he, "I was not there myself," but I know it's the opinion of many he ought to have been *Bing'd*."—"But you know," replied the other, "he fought in a fog, and could not see how others conducted themselves: besides, there was a political *ruse* practised by the Admiralty, in withholding from the public a part of his despatch."—"Despatch!" cried the other, "despatch him to the devil;"—and turning on his heel, abruptly quitted the room.

The report of heavy artillery on the lower-deck induced several to make a simultaneous movement down stairs, where an M.P. distinguishable for his tact in thinking with the Tories and still voting with the *Whigs*, was blazing away in a loud invective against the newspaper reporters for giving his last-night's speech so incorrectly, or, as some perhaps thought, (if we may judge by the interchange of significant winks), lending him "a grace beyond the reach of art"—(*i. e.* his own).—"D—n the blundering blockheads! I said a devilish good thing last night, and there is

not a word of it here."—"A'weel, what was't, Sir Jacob?—let's ken?" said a prying, peak-nosed, interrogative Caledonian.—"Why! what you never heard t'other side Tweed, I'll answer for it. You're aware what was the subject of debate?—Seppings' plan, you know—deserves no credit for it—Danes had it before us—d—d good for those fond o' turning tail, to be sure."—"Weel, but Sir Jacob, your weet—your weet?"—"Why, I told them the discussion on round sterns* was only fit for the Parliament of the Round-heads." Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he!—"Vera weel, Sir Jacob: can you spare us a frank the day?" The request was no sooner complied with, but the wily Scot, perceiving the Baronet was in the vein, plied him with an application to allow him to set his name down as a subscriber to "that admirable national institution" Saint Andrew's Charity School. The result proved Sandy had not mistaken his man, who, however, qualified the concession as he departed, by ob-

* See remarks at page 210.

serving, "I should never have contributed sixpence, if I did not think too well of your countrymen to suppose they suffered the *saints* to put in their oar." The honourable Baronet had no sooner hastily left the apartment, to support in his place at *St. Stephen's* the interests of the fishermen of the Thames and Medway, in a disputed right of fishery in the inland sea near Havant, from which they were attempted to be excluded, than reserve almost immediately closed every mouth, which but a moment before had been so communicative. Several prepared to cut their cables, and avoided the dreaded company of *ennui*, which now was observed making all sail on the squadron, but were deterred by the continuance of the rain: whilst a sickly-loooking K.C.B., evidently labouring under the influence of hypochondriacal affection, through disease of the liver, kept pacing the room, precisely to the extent of twelve paces, occasionally pressing his hand on his right side, or stopping short to apply his finger to ascertain

the state of his pulse. Alternately examining his tongue before the mirror, or inspecting the quicksilver in the barometer, he despondingly addressed a gentleman, who had stood long "fast bound in chains of silence," intent on the pattering rain without, which bid fair to prevent him keeping an engagement to dinner.—"A disagreeable afternoon, sir—a bile-making day; —cursed indigestible weather—glass falls—gall rises;—can't understand it at all.—Hale a' fellow, as any, afloat—never sick in the war—nothing but pain since the peace.*—I see how 'twill be —nothing for it but to 'bear-up' for Blue-pill at last." A lively young sprig of fashion at this moment entered the door (the "*Courier*" in hand).

* Whether in the present day, or the æra of Domitian, moralists appear to think precisely alike of the enervating influence and political danger resulting from a long peace. The hypochondriacal captain seems to have compared notes with that severe satirist, Juvenal, who roundly denounces it as the scourge of human nature:—

"Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala: Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem."
Sat. vi. 292.

"Well, just as I thought!—here's the whole account!"—"What! what is it?" cried several voices together. "Why, only one o' your Polar lights regularly dows'd."—"Really!"—"Aye, and I'm curs'd if we sha'n't have the whole star-gazing crew wheeled up, papers and all, by a barrow together, to the Admiralty." The "*Courier*" was now eagerly grasped at by hands enough to threaten its being torn to pieces before the curiosity of any one could be gratified, whilst the voluble officer continued:—"What the deuce is the use of the thing after all?—What have they ever done, but christen capes and headlands after heads of departments, and islands after lay-lords?—shouldn't wonder if they name them after lying-in ladies next!" To a grave gentleman, who was bold enough to take up the defence of the expedition, a pragmatical elderly quiz by the fire addressed the oft-quoted and triumphant query, "*cui bono?*"—"Bones, oh! I'll bet," said our lively friend, "a hundred to

"fifty, they'll leave them there yet."—"But," rejoined the grave gentleman, "you will confess they have contributed essentially to the progress of science by their valuable discoveries." —"Aye; but who can read it? Don't all their mineralogy and geology end in an apology for the price of their books?" (a laugh.) "I tell you it's all a job, sir." The tides of wit and argument appearing to run nearly as strongly against the expedition, as those which it had experienced off Repulse Bay and the Frozen Straits, the grave apologist of our enterprizing navigator resigned the unequal contest, sarcastically observing at parting, "Well, gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to perceive you can be unanimous on *any* subject;" a sneer which a young wag of a commander, more remarkable for his good-humour than the choice of his metaphors, followed up by exclaiming, "Haul off, Harry! your fire can never hurt 'em—every one knows you were late at Solomon's Levee." The laugh which accompanied this sally, convinced its author this

was the moment to retire with *éclat* from "the sharp encounter of keen wits." He quickly disappeared, leaving his antagonist to unravel, as fast as his limited capacity would permit, the humorous connexion, thus traced, between himself and the first sage of antiquity.

In an appendix containing the principles and practice of constructing ships as invented and introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, surveyor of his Majesty's Navy, by John Knowles, F.R.S., &c. &c. &c., the author, after enumerating the many advantages attending circular sterns, says, that by this construction, "the danger arising from being *pooped* is considerably diminished, if not wholly prevented." In the teeth of this assertion, which implies, that ships with circular sterns are considered to be the safest for scudding, we ask, how does it happen that the attention of our naval architects, who patronize this plan, has never been directed to flush-built vessels, a class

which are, more than any other, liable to accidents from being pooped? Yet, these are the only vessels in his Majesty's service on which this experiment has not been tried. There can be no question, as far as strength goes, the square stern must yield to the circular; but there are other points equally as important to be taken into consideration, more particularly as to the policy of their introduction. Subsequently to committing these observations to paper, the following note appeared in the supplementary part of Admiral Ekins' elaborate work on "*Naval Battles.*"

In allusion to a letter from Sir Robert Seppings to Lord Viscount Melville, on the advantages of circular sterns, the Admiral quaintly observes, that "Sir Robert has quoted the opinion of an eminent *French engineer*, Monsieur Charles Dupin, who is in great admiration of them. It may, therefore, be fair to quote (adds the Admiral) another Frenchman upon the same. "A captain in the French naval service, greatly distinguished

for skill and gallantry in defending his frigate in a single action early in the revolutionary war, very lately, at Paris, on meeting with a British officer of rank and distinction, expressed his astonishment that *we* who had hitherto beat them, and chased and drove them over the seas in every direction, should be the *first* to teach them, by these new circular sterns, the *best mode* of *arming* their ships for *defence* in future."—(December 1823.) We are aware that, among some of the first officers in the service, a difference of opinion exists on the propriety of circular sterns being introduced in our navy; and that many who formerly derided them, have lately become converts in favour of their adoption. It is, however, to be hoped, that those shipwrights who have hitherto only turned their attention to increasing the strength of our ships' sterns, both in point of architecture and artillery, will now provide means to make their bows, as a battery, equally as formidable.

COAST BLOCKADE.

"Smuggling, though a real offence, is owing to the laws themselves; for the higher the duties, the greater is the advantage, and, consequently, the temptation; which temptation is increased by the facility of perpetration, when the circumference that is guarded is of great extent, and the merchandize prohibited small in bulk."—*Beccaria.*

In the present state of our excise laws and prohibitory duties, there is perhaps no part of our naval service which more demands the attention of the Government of the country, or is more an object of its interest, than the "Coast Blockade" for the prevention of smuggling, or that improved system of naval guard originating in the preventive service.

The system has been matured by degrees, and though acquiring instruction by repeated defeat, and strengthening the rigours of its discipline so as to meet every possible case of meditated fraud by fresh caution, increased watchfulness, and unabating exertion, it has been, and continues to be, we regret to say, too successfully opposed by the sagacity, skill, resolution, and daring intrepidity of the smugglers; more particularly on our southern and eastern coast, where the difficulties are such as might induce less desperate men to conclude the chance of landing contraband goods was altogether hopeless.

The regulations of this service combine a system of both reward and punishment. A proportion of the goods taken being divided amongst the men, with the certainty of a better rating in cases of exemplary conduct and personal alacrity, proves a strong stimulus to the performance of their arduous duty. Superadded to the ordinary inducements to enter in this service, by one of its regulations, seamen in the enjoyment of pen-

sions are entitled to retain those pensions after entering the "Coast Blockade," although, had these seamen, instead of entering this service, re-entered on board other men-of-war, the payment of their pensions would have ceased pending the period of renewed service.* Nor are the terrors of an inquisitorial system of discipline wanting, to enforce the due observance of the most rigid regulations.

The watch in day-time is stationed either on the margin of the tide, or on headlands commanding an extensive prospect; at night the men are extended along the coast within hail of each other, and invariably on the verge of the sea as it rises or falls. When on duty, all intercourse, or even ordinary communication, with either stranger or acquaintance, is strictly forbidden:—even when

* In the case of sailors who have served on board ships of war re-entering for the "Coast Blockade" service, their time for entitling them to pensions, or their increase, if they already have pensions, goes on, and is calculated at the Navy-office in the same way as if they re-entered on board of any other king's ship.

off duty, the men are interdicted from all communication with the neighbouring inhabitants, and more particularly from ever entering a public-house. No severity of weather is allowed as a pretext for seeking a temporary shelter, or retreating from the line of water-mark guard: a duty whose hardship is increased by the regulation that each man has six hours out and six hours in, twice in every twenty-four, besides other claims of duty on his time. A departure from any of these regulations is visited by degradation, discharge, or, in cases of flagrant breach of duty, transportation on board the frigate on the station, where the offence is punishable under the articles of war.

In this brief expression of a conviction, that the service is as well calculated as any thing can be to effect, what most consider to be impossible, it is not to be inferred that we deem the "Coast Blockade" the legitimate occupation of naval officers; nor yet imagine it will ever, as some suppose, essentially serve as a nursery for seamen. To prove that it is not ever likely to be a popular

service, amongst even naval men, we need only appeal to their general disinclination to the service, from an apprehension, that accepting an appointment in it may be a bar to their future employment afloat. That it will fail as a nursery for seamen may be inferred, as well from their being principally employed on shore, as from the fact that able seamen or petty officers of men-of-war rarely enter. The roll is thus filled for the most part (if by "Blue Jackets") by waisters from discharged crews, or, which is more frequent, by unskilled though hardy Irish landsmen, whose estrangement from the sentiments, habits, and religion of those placed under their *surveillance*, seems to point them out as peculiarly adapted for a service, whose basis consists in an invidious watchfulness over others, and an hostile segregation from their fellow men.

The spring-tide of knowledge and improvement has recently risen so much above the high-water mark of past ages, that the political theories on which we fondly bottomed our national pros-

perity, are hourly sweeping like sand from beneath our feet. This is an age of revolutions; but they are happily effected by the winning influence of reason, and the bloodless effort of mind. The darling doctrines of monopolies in commerce, export bounties, and restrictive duties on importation, formerly the mounds of our maritime policy, are remorselessly levelled by an enlightened Legislature; and the President of the "Board of Trade," at the moment we write, proposes a change in our navigation laws, which erst, even to have hinted at, would have produced his impeachment; and, from the prevailing liberality of commercial men, there is no doubt the generous experiment will be fairly tried. The same authority has prophesied the inevitable downfal of contraband trade, by the intended removal of excessive import-duties on those articles which produce the greatest profit to the smuggler. Predictions emanating from such men not unfrequently surprise the public by the unexpected rapidity of their fulfilment.

Before the service, as well as the objections to it, become mere matter of history, we may be pardoned for attempting to describe the dangers incident to this service when on duty afloat, by what, we regret to say, is too authentic in most of its particulars to be denominated

A TALE.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant —— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance hastily, selected from those inured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity, some of whom had been the partners of an enterprize which was ever uppermost in his mind, when, amongst the first to board the American frigate Chesapeake,

as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck by the stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the boat, whose brawny arms had borne him on that memorable day to the cock-pit of the *Shannon*, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck, and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder, looked wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved; but the lieutenant, apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance (a liberty which *Jack* considered himself exclusively privileged to take), quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the main-sail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted; she instantly gathered way, and stood-off in a lateral direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main-sheet through the fair-leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-

thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light-boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach; where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure and leafless underwood, between two grey beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact white-wooden station house of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis descending almost to high-water mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion, in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more.

A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and inquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waistbelt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern-sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee-bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word, as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing

the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round-up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similarly suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to shew that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half-an-hour she was hull down; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to the view. The men now involuntarily

turned their eyes, which had hitherto been strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruizer which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather; a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon; across which the gull, and other sea-fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud, which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return

with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding,

no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat ashore in the first situation which might offer a chance of saving the lives of his brave companions. "Lay in your oars, my lads," cried he; "step the short mast—close-reef the storm-lug: we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under canvas." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, "a sail close aboard, sir; if she don't keep her luff, she'll run us right down."—"Luff, luff!" exclaimed aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right abeam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless

condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold, and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached-to, passing to the windward of the boat,—"Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll board the villains."—"Aye, aye, sir," exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under, and shipping green seas fore-and-aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapt short in the rowelocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid-off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern. Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on

what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable: all was darkness around; and although, from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land, still to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase; a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, "that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards, and the lieutenant putting the helm-up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard: and

soon the whole scene was lighted-up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, "Breakers a-head!—hard-down, sir, hard-down!" Before the word was repeated she had entered the frightfully agitated element.—"Down with the sail, or we're lost!" exclaimed the crew.—"Hold-on! hold-on every thing!" cried the veteran, "'tis our only chance to beach her." The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell, thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew: and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom-upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.

JACK'S ECCENTRICITIES.

BRITISH BULL-DOGS.

To prove the sort of stuff our tars are made of has been well compared to the toughest of all materials—"heart of oak,"—it is only necessary to mention a well-attested anecdote of the conduct of the *Barfleur's* ship's-company, on the occasion of Sir Robert Calder's declining to renew his engagement with Villeneuve. As soon as it was discernible that such was the intention of the Admiral, from the circumstance of the course of the British fleet continuing unchanged under easy sail, whilst Villeneuve "bore-up" in a con-

trary direction, an unusual bustle was observable on the forecastle of the *Barfleur*.

The risible muscles of her gallant commander (Sir George Martin) were destined to be put to the proof by the following address from the "chief-boatswain's-mate," who now stood before him as spokesman of the crew, assembled aft in a body: "Please, sir, axes your pardon, but the 'ship's-company' bid me say, they wished as how you'd command o' the fleet, sir; 'kase, sir, it looks (hope no offence, sir,) as if the Admiral was inclined to tarn tail on the enemy—mean no harm, sir—but we're all on us old *Triumphs**—never did the like afore, and it's very hard for old hands to take to a new trade."

The smile, which had been excited by the comic manner in which this veteran deputation had opened its mission, had, before the conclusion of this honest appeal, yielded to an expres-

*Most of the *Barfleur's* ship's-company were composed of the crew of the *Triumph*, which had distinguished herself in Duncan's gallant action, and Cornwallis's no less celebrated retreat.

sion more of "sorrow than of anger." The captain was, as in duty bound, obliged, however, to suppress his feelings, and dismiss them with a slight rebuke.

THE NONDESCRIPT—A SEA BULL.

An Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister,* was selected by one of the officers to haul in a towline, of considerable length, that was towing over the tafferail.†—After rowsing-in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "By my soul, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow!"—"it's a good week's work for any five in the ship!"—"bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last!"—"what! more of it yet!—och, murder! the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!"

* Landsman. † Pronounced taffel.

When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it!*"

DOUBLE-DEALING.

THE tenets of Methodism were introduced, for the first time, about the middle of the French revolutionary war, on board of a ninety-eight gun-ship, to the family of *Neptune*.

The principal preacher was an officer of distinguished merit in the service, and certainly on the "*first of June*" proved himself, if possible, more of a seaman than a saint.

He, however, conceived that, as a corollary to

his own conversion, it became his duty, as long as he had any control over people in this world, to prepare them for the next, and therefore not only established on board religious "preparatory schools," but also distributed to the ship's company a variety of tracts and pious "experiences." Several, from interested motives, affected to be converted; sang psalms* and spiritual songs with vociferous piety; sported the language of Canaan as their vernacular; were enrolled as class-brothers and band-brothers, and acted so

* Possibly the officer here alluded to might have formed his practice upon a precedent as old as the period of Cromwell and good Queen Bess. An elegant and ingenious writer says, "Psalms were practised by the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth; for Shakspeare notices the Puritan of his day singing psalms to hornpipes, and more particularly during the Protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said 'were too good for the devil.' Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayors' dinners and city feasts; soldiers sang them on their march and at parade; and few houses, which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the hypocritical brotherhood did not always care to sing, unless they were heard!"

admirably the part of "*Cantwell*," as to have procured from the spiritual patron many promises and engagements—which were never kept, owing, perhaps, to the difficulties which the Admiral (notwithstanding the high opinion entertained of the solvency of the bank of faith) would have had to encounter, in discharging claims at once so pressing and multifarious.

This system, however, of unblushing cant and hypocrisy continued for a considerable period, until the Admiral's flag was struck, when all doubts were set aside as to the deception being mutual. Scarcely had he shoved off from the ship in his barge, before the principal creditor of the aforesaid bank, and loudest songster in this floating Zion, whose zeal had been so often applauded, and piety pointed out as a pattern to less presuming converts by his patron, jumped down on the lower-deck, exclaiming aloud, "D—n the psalm-singing old son of a b—! there he goes,—bl—t him! I *did* think to've sung him out of a 'gunner's warrant,' but it wou'dn't gee!"

NO-WAY NICE; OR, NAUTICAL NUPTIALS.

" There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
" She finds some honest gander for her mate."

POPE.

SAILORS are generally supposed to be the most straight-forward people in the world; though, perhaps, in either shaping a petition or soliciting a personal favour, there are no set of men who resort to such round-about means to accomplish their purpose.

A seaman, whose ship was on the point of sailing from Spithead, was extremely solicitous to obtain permission to go on shore, for the purpose of leading to the altar one of the chaste syrens of *Sallyport.*

Jack, during the time the ship's company were at dinner, was seen dodging about the decks, " backing and filling," for a favourable opportunity to make his simple appeal to the sterner feel-

ings of the first lieutenant. He at length, however, appeared to have "screwed-up his courage to the sticking place," and made an effort to go aft, with a countenance strongly indicating a conviction of the hopelessness of such an application, on the point of sailing; or, which is the more probable, from a latent qualm of conscience, as to the real propriety of his indulging further the plan he had so eagerly and innocently projected, to insure his happiness for life.

In his approach to the lieutenant, he bore more the appearance of a criminal leading out to execution, than of an anxious bridegroom on the eve of the consummation of all his eager wishes. But he felt it was now too late to retract, so he proceeded to open the business, with an awkward inflection of the body, and a twist of his shoulders, as a token of profound respect.

As yet a word had not escaped him, and it appeared still problematical whether, without encouragement, his timidity would not compel him to carry his secret with him to the grave.

His head hung down, and, except that now and then he stole an anxious furtive glance at the lieutenant, to help him out at guessing how the "wind lay," his eyes were intently fixed on the buckle of his hat-band, which he alternately twiddled with the fore-finger and thumb of both hands, whilst, in a suppliant tone, he hesitatingly began, "Please, sir, I've a bit of a favour to ax."—"Well, my man, what is it?" replied the lieutenant.—"I know," rejoined *Jack*, "it's more almost nor a man can expect:—ship under orders for sea—single anchor—and the likes of that 'ere, sir: though, to be sure, it's only once in a way—perhaps never have to ax the sim'lar again. Just—grant permission, i' you please, sir,"—alternately shifting his legs as he jerked out his words; when the lieutenant, betraying a little impatience, pettishly exclaimed, "Well, why the d—l don't you say what you want?"—"Once give the word, sir," says *Jack*—"soon clinch the concarn!"—"Concern!" ejaculated the lieutenant, "why, what concerns you now?"—"Axes your pardon,

sir—nothing more nor to settle a small matter 'twixt *Sal* and myself—give you my word, sir—won't break my liberty—be off to my time, sir—'sides the-e-e girl, you see, sir—"—"The girl be d—d!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "you don't mean to say, you want to be spliced to that bare-faced hussey that was aboard?"—"Yes, i' you please, sir; the strands are unlaid."—"Unlaid!" said the lieutenant; "you deserve to have the cat laid on your back for being such an infernal fool. Can you offer," continued he, in a somewhat more pacified tone, "the least plausible reason for even *thinking* of marrying so common a strumpet?"—"Yes, sir," said *Jack*, replying more promptly than hitherto, and with an air of self-satisfaction, indicating hopes of carrying conviction as well as his point, "yes, sir; 'kase whenever the ship comes into port, and *she's aboard of another*, I can always shove alongside and *claim her as my own!*"

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

By way of inducing our tars to volunteer for the late Algerine expedition, Government granted them a liberal bounty, equivalent to two months' pay, which was officially termed by the Admiralty "gratuitous money." The application of this phrase, however, unintentionally by *Jack*, was *razéed* into one perhaps equally as apt, for whenever the pay clerks visited the ships at Sheerness, for the purpose of distributing this boon, the general cry among their crews was, "Way aft there, boys, for your *gratitude* money." Every officer imagined there was more *vraisemblance* in the term applied by *Jack* than by his master.

SWINDLING THE SHARKS; OR, JACK A LEG.

The habits of a sailor are so totally at variance with those of a landsman, that in most instances

he not only imagines he must pay more dearly for his enjoyments than others, but thinks himself lucky if, in the first joval night's cruize ashore, he happens to baffle the Philistines and Amazons, and even reserves for himself a single shot in the locker.

An unsuspecting tar of this complexion was observed a short time since, at two p. m., reeling out of one of the unhallowed purlieus of Drury Lane. He had no sooner brought up in smooth water, than, choosing a snug birth, as he supposed out of observation, between two buttresses of the piazza, he began overhauling his traps, first turning out the pockets of his trowsers; both were alike empty, which induced him to turn his quid, and ruminate for a moment. His 'bacco-box, jacket, and waistcoat pockets underwent a similarly fruitless survey; the very lining of his hat was rummaged—still no effects! Here one might have read in his rueful countenance the full conviction that he was hard-up on a lee-shore, and breakers a-head. As a last hope, he

proceeded doubtingly to unknot the black Barcelona from around his neck, which he shook carelessly between finger and thumb, until he discovered a flimsy *Five* fall on the kirb-stone.

Poor Jeffry, the sailor, when left by his captain to starve on a desolate island, never felt more lively joy at perceiving a vessel bear-up to his rescue, than did our hardy tar at discovering those well-known white figures on a black ground, which announced it to be a genuine *Henry Hase* for FIVE POUNDS. Delight brightened every feature, and his past despondency appeared to be succeeded by comparative content, notwithstanding that it was but a few hours since he had ten times the sum; so, thrusting it in his 'bacco-box, from which he took a refresher, he slapped his thigh exultingly, and muttered to himself, with a good-humoured laugh, "D—n the lubberly pirates! I've done 'em for once."

LOST AND FOUND.*

WHILST the *Active* was employed in the last war up the Mediterranean, an officer was sent on board a merchantman upon the disagreeable duty of impressment. The seaman selected, dexterously enough, pleaded his incapacity to serve in a man-of-war. Resorting to raillery in the first instance, he endeavoured, as sailors say, to come "cripple-gate" over the lieutenant, and thus opened his fire:—"I suppose you'll get me a 'cook's-warrant' if I enter? What else is a fellow, without the use of both arms, fit for?—Soon glad to get rid o'me, I guess." The lieutenant, as alive to his motives as himself, disdained all parley, and ordered at once his bed and baggage into the boat. *Jack* now solemnly declaring he was a "cripple from his cradle, and that both captain and mate could sartify the same, being unable to lift his hand to

* This anecdote has, in part, previously appeared in print. Being then furnished by the author, he feels justified in introducing it here as original.

his head, much more go aloft; moreover, he was an American born."

In the lieutenant's mind, his logic was less sound than his arm—so shipped he was. Upon examination by the surgeon, the lieutenant's opinion was corroborated: still the arm pronounced to be sound hung motionless by his side, though the captain (the present Sir James Gordon) often, in a tone of jocularity so peculiarly his own, and so winning in a superior, reminded him of his good luck in falling-in with a ship whose surgeon was so particularly skilful in fishing sprung spars. No amendment was however observable.

The *Active* continued two years on the Mediterranean station, and though subjected to a secret and strict watch, both night and day, J—'s faithful arm never betrayed the slightest muscular motion. Being suspected to be an excellent seaman, he was plied with every inducement and argument to desist from an unprofitable and unavailing imposture. He still appealed to his

helplessness as a full title to his discharge, and though appointed to the most degrading duties, as sweeper and scavenger, his infirmity continued inflexible to the last.

In an engagement with an enemy's squadron, his Captain had stationed him on the quarter-deck so as to be under his own eye. During the heat of the action he never lost sight of his darling object, preserving the most perfect presence of mind, recollecting that if he had "one hand for the king, the other was for himself;" for though fighting like a lion, it was observed that one arm only was employed at the gun-tackle-fall. His gallant Commander, now falling, severely wounded; that important secret, which neither artifice, encouragement, threats, disgrace, nor even the din of battle could induce him to reveal, the generous feeling of humane concern for his esteemed commander's misfortune, betrayed in a moment. The honest tar, completely off his guard, was the first to pick up his mangled officer in *both* his arms. The grand discovery was first made by Sir James,

who, though deprived of a limb, with admirable coolness, observed,—"Well, my boy, if I've lost a leg, I'm glad to see you've found an arm." As the reader will anticipate, he soon proved one of the best seaman of a "crack-crew," and was ultimately promoted for his exemplary conduct.

LITERÆ SCRIPTÆ; OR, "FORCED-MEAT BALLS."

THAT neither the eccentricities nor spirit of the profession is confined to the *Jacks*, but is sometimes partaken in an eminent degree by their officers, may be strikingly elucidated by an anecdote, which, in its detail, furnishes alternately food for mirth and admiration.

A noble officer, who had rendered himself, by his peevish and oppressive spirit, deservedly unpopular in the Navy, experienced, upon one occasion, the mortification of receiving from his lieutenant a refusal to be present at the usual

routine dinner given to officers by their noble captain.

His lordship being highly incensed, called upon the lieutenant for an explanation of the answer to the steward's invitation; who, as is usual, had presented the captain's compliments, stating his lordship would be glad of his company to dinner: to which the lieutenant had replied—"My compliments to the captain, I shall be *glad* of no such thing."

To a personal intimation from his lordship, that he should consider it a contempt, the lieutenant bluntly replied,—"Does your lordship, intend to make it a point of service?"—"I do, sir."—"Well, then, before I comply, I must have a written order."—"That you shall, sir!" said his lordship; and descending into his cabin, and sending for his clerk, the order, after mature deliberation as to its official form and tenor, was at length concocted by their joint labours.

The lieutenant of course appeared in his place at dinner time; and contrary to the ex-

pectation of all, not only concealed his mortification, but assumed a more than ordinary proportion of complaisance and cordiality to his inferiors; studiously avoiding, as far as in him lay, all greeting or communication with his commander, who now began to experience the pains of the fiend in Eden, in witnessing a scene of hilarity, which was not only unwonted at his table, but from which, it was obvious, he was intended to be excluded. The evening, however, stole apace; the customary pint had been swallowed, despite of the captain's dissatisfaction, who, notwithstanding the decanters were empty, gave no intimation to the attendant to replenish them. This never-failing signal for parting company (though perfectly understood) was not repeated, as was expected, by the lieutenant; who, according to custom, should have intimated it was time to retire. A short interval sufficed with this spirited officer to form his determination. He rose—rang the bell—the steward appeared, and looked to the captain for his commands; the

lieutenant interposed, reiterating, "More wine! more wine!" Such an assumption of authority in his own cabin was not to be borne. The indignant captain rose to put an end at once to this state of anarchy, and unequivocally signified it was his will and pleasure to be alone. The lieutenant, without rising from his seat, addressed him with perfect *sang-froid*—"My lord, I am here on this service in consequence of a written order, and am resolved (though I came here against the grain) not to leave it without another." This request was also acceded to; but will any one imagine the invitation was ever again repeated?

GLORY; OR, GLAUBER SALTS.

In the early part of the French revolutionary war, the captain of the *Artois*, then on the Channel station, being indisposed, had applied for advice to his surgeon; who, as in almost all cases

of temporary ailment on board, where repletion and a full habit is more to be dreaded than exhaustion of the system, had ordered him to take a dose of that homely medicine, which, in those days, supplied the place of the unexplored chemical ingredients of our fashionable Seidlitz—namely, "Glauber Salts." The draught had been swallowed by day-light, and Sir Edmund N—— turned into his cot to enjoy a short slumber, till he should be roused by the violence of the peristaltic storm within. He had nearly composed himself, "eight-bells" having struck, when the officer of the watch hastily entered the cabin, to acquaint him that a French frigate,* of imposing force, had just hove in sight through the haze of the morning. "Then, d—n it," cried the invalid, jumping out of his cot upon the deck, "this is no time for ——, let's prepare for fighting." His finger in his throat soon relieved him from all apprehensions of meeting any natural impediment to the performance of

* La Révolutionnaire.

his duty, during a hard-fought engagement which followed. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the rough valour of the veteran was crowned with the success it merited—the frigate became his prize.

MATRIMONIAL MOTIVES.

How differently well-informed men of the same profession think upon the same subject, may be collected from the contrasted conduct of two officers already alluded to under the name of "Naval Authors." Taking a given fixed point from which to calculate their aberration—Matrimony, for instance: one will be discovered, when surrounded by want, danger, and difficulties, solacing himself with a tartar for a wife, whom, on returning to England, he is obliged to send to school to acquire the mere rudiments of education; whilst his brother officer boldly makes a formal communication to a certain high

quarter, that unless a ship is given him, he will be under the necessity of getting a wife. Both may have read *Malthus;* yet, how differently do they argue from the same premises. The one gets married as if to equip himself for a life of hardship and enterprize: the other assigns his despair of being again called into active service, as the motive of laying up in matrimonial ordinary the rest of his days. It may be truly said, that like the quarters of the globe these intelligent travellers have lately visited, their incentives to matrimony are as opposite as east to west.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

THE Admiralty has, with a laudable zeal for the interest of the navy, recommended to our officers, ever since the last American war awakened us to the expediency of the suggestion, a close attention to the exercise of the seamen at the great guns* and small arms. The exercise, too, has been, in some respects, improved; still there is a vast field open as respects the ordnance department, if it were

* Even this practice is not sufficiently adhered to, and is but too often neglected on one pretext or another. The anecdote subjoined may serve as a specimen of the zeal which actuates some of our modern Commanders, or peace nutured warriors, in inculcating the important principles of gunnery on the minds of those mechanics and grass-combers who, in this day, occupy the places of our once long-tailed and far-famed tars:—

A certain commander on the Mediterranean station in the year 1823, was at length persuaded, by sheer dint of perseverance on the

only to correct the errors of the "olden time." It is not always a good answer to projects of improvement, that Rodney, Howe, and Nelson fought on the old system. As far as humanity is concerned, we have to regret that, in the general improvement of art, that of war certainly keeps pace, if not outstrips the rest; and whilst invention is so fertile, it must be of importance that we should at least improve the means we possess in common with the marine of other countries. In the first instance, then, it is necessary, in order to give effect to the recommendation of the Admiralty to the full extent, that the men should not only be exercised at the guns in the ordinary way,

the part of his first lieutenant, a zealous and experienced officer, to exercise the ship's company at the guns. After witnessing, for some time, with impatience, the many mistakes committed by the majority of his crew, the captain, flying in a passion, without being able to discover that their ignorance was alone the result of his own unpardonable neglect, suddenly exclaimed, "*Secure* the guns!"—"*What's the use of it?*"—"D—n the fellows, they don't *even* know how *to fire!*" The order was instantly obeyed, and the guns once more put on the "peace establishment."

but also by firing at a mark. For this service the ordnance has not made an adequate provision, in allowing the requisite expenditure of powder and shot to insure a proficiency on the part of the sailors in this essential. Another source of complaint is, that the Board has constantly refused to adopt or permit any experimental improvements to be tried, even when recommended by experienced officers. To applications made during the last war with America, except in the case of two or three favourites at the Board, for "sights" to the guns, the only reply vouchsafed was, that "it was not according to the regulation of the service, and could not be complied with." This inuendo, which, to an officer of no private fortune, was equivalent to a prohibition, luckily, for the honour of both the service and the British flag, had no effect on that spirited commander, Sir Philip Broke, all of whose guns on board the *Shannon* were sighted on his own responsibility. This officer, who is perhaps the best practical naval gunner in the service, not content with this

advantage, had arranged the whole ship's battery by such an admirable adjustment, that he had only to call out the number on what (by his system) is termed the "quadrant" of the gun, to ensure every shot on the same deck being thrown on the same level; though, from the sheer of the ship, this never could have been accomplished, had he not previously elevated or cut down the carriage of his guns by means of a "spirit-level."*

* There is still a field open for considerable improvement in this important particular, though in some ships it would be attended with almost insuperable difficulty. An instance will suffice: in that beautiful frigate the *Madagascar*, so great was her sheer that it was impossible, standing at the cabin-door on the main-deck, to see more than the trucks of the bow-gun. Without skill and caution on the part of the men stationed at this gun, the shot from it would go over the forecastle of an enemy's frigate (possessing less sheer), whilst the guns amidships would naturally throw their shot many feet lower.

Some of our ships have obtained, *since the peace*, "Congreve's sights" to half their guns. An entire set of sights on the imperfect *hinge* principle were, we believe, first allowed to the *Liffy*, the Honourable Captain Duncan.

Strange, however, as it may appear, the Ordnance at that day failed to introduce this improvement, and neglected to secure the advantages promulgated in a concise but able little pamphlet, published about this time by that scientific officer, Captain Peechell, of his majesty's ship *St. Domingo.*

In closing these remarks it is only necessary to add one suggestion, namely, that it is highly expedient for the interest of the service that the men should, in addition to being practised in the manual of the guns, be induced to attain excellence in firing at a mark, by holding out rewards to the most expert, consisting of a premium,* in each lieutenant's quarters, to the best marksman during each six months' practice: an expense which could not exceed, at the rate of five pounds in each division, forty pounds annually to a whole frigate. If this premium were also made payable, by the production of the captain's

* It is said, Captain Broke actually awarded premiums out of his own private purse to the best marksmen in the *Shannon.*

certificate to the "clerk of the cheque," on coming into port, it would not fail to render the practice at a mark a more than holiday recreation, and prove a strong stimulus to the attainment of excellence in this important particular.

CHEERING IN ACTION.

A DIFFERENCE of opinion has existed, amongst intelligent officers of the navy, upon the subject of the propriety of this practice; and, though it may not be difficult to determine on which side the balance of authority preponderates, still the dissentients are so respectable, individually, and many of them so competent to form an opinion on this, or any other professional subject, that their objections are well deserving of an answer. It has been objected, that the practice produces confusion and want of steadiness on board, and may often prevent the word of command from being distinctly heard. Any, or all of these are, however, more than compensated in the excitement and animation produced on the men's minds by the cheering shout of their companions in

arms. It operates as an incentive to valour and enterprize; it being always understood, that the parties thus cheering are at that moment doing their utmost, or preparing to shew others a daring example. Hence it may be argued, that it would be a hazardous experiment to attempt to repress a practice, which, on a variety of occasions, has been found more efficacious than any harangue, however eloquent, on the part of a commander. The practice, it should be recollected, is of a long standing in the service; and, in matters not essential, a violation of even that which well-informed men would term a prejudice, may prove any thing but a safe experiment.

The war with revolutionary France was opened by a severe action between Captain Pellew (Lord Exmouth), in *La Nymphe*, with *La Cléopatre*, in which our sailors gave three cheers* on coming alongside, which was answered in the same way

* In the very heat of the battle of Trafalgar, the crews of the *Neptune* and *Conqueror* were cheering each other from the forecastle and poop of both ships.

by the French: this mutual defiance to the foe, and encouragement to their respective crews, probably tended to render the action so severe, which, however was won by dexterous manœuvring. A curious circumstance is related of the *Colossus*, at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely. In the heat of the action, one of the hen-coops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded; and, as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious conflict he witnessed, flapped his wings and crowed lustily in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen: who, determining not to be outdone by the gallant little biped, swore he was true game, and giving him three cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity. But the most decided proof of its utility may be deduced from the case of the *Phœnix*, Captain Baker, and the *Didon*—decidedly the severest single action ever fought. The French captain assured Captain Baker, when taken on

board the *Phœnix*, that the cheers of the British sailors (which, by-the-bye, frequently took place when the *Phœnix* was in situations the most critical) did him more prejudice, and contributed more to his defeat, than the effect of their destructive fire. But the habit is not confined to cases of engagement. In situations of danger, or when extraordinary exertions are required, recourse is always had to cheering, or rather rallying the men; even on common occasions, such as "rousing-up cables," "furling sails," and particularly "heaving at the capstern," the custom has prevailed; though in better disciplined vessels it is endeavoured to be discountenanced in these latter instances, as occasions unworthy of so strong a demonstration of anxiety or excitement. In the case of the *Meander*, when in distress, making seven feet water an hour, the captain ordered minute guns to be fired, more from the effect each report of the guns had on the crew, in promoting an instantaneous cheer from the men at the pumps, than probability of

their being able to attract notice or assistance—it blowing so hard a gale of wind. In this critical situation, the *chaplain* of the ship, seeing the effect cheering had upon the crew, stripped, and frequently in turn took a spell at the pumps: less actuated by an expectation of being able to render any important service in the preservation of the ship, than from perceiving the encouraging effect it produced on the men. Whenever he laid into the winches, he was greeted by a cheer and a hearty "hurrah, lads, now let's *sweat* the parson." A fastidious simpleton might have been alarmed for his dignity, and, by retreating from the profanation, forgot that his first duty and highest honour was that of a saver of souls.

There certainly are occasions in which a sound discretion may be exercised in this respect. It appears to be a generally-admitted principle, that cheering before going into action is far from desirable. Sir George Martin, when the crew of the *Barfleur*, in Sir Robert Calder's action, would have cheered the *Hero* on the latter passing the former

to lead the line of battle a-head, dissuaded them, saying, "No, my lads, no cheering yet; let's wait till it's over:"—a caution prompted, doubtlessly, by the unaccountable delay observable in bringing the enemy to action* on that occasion. A splendid exception to the rule attempted to be established here, occurs in the glorious instance of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, in which not a sound preceded the discharge of the *Shannon's* guns, which

* An unnecessary delay was not only observable in the conduct of the British admiral, but his mode of approaching the enemy was very unlike that of a naval tactician. The enemy's fleets were first discovered broad on the lee-bow, on the opposite tack; and, instead of the admiral carrying on a press of sail by the wind, to either cut through their line or gain the weather-gage, the fleet was kept two points free, each ship with her main-sail up, and top-gallant-sails "lowered on the cap," solely for the purpose of allowing the *Dragon* (which ship had the look-out on the lee-quarter, and was the fastest sailer in the fleet) to join with greater facility. By this delay, in thus waiting for *one* ship, the British admiral not only gave the enemy the advantage of gaining the wind of him, but of commencing the action late in the evening, which, under cover of an occasional fog, was the most desirable occurrence that could have possibly taken place for the enemy.

were fired in succession into the American's ports as he ranged up alongside of his opponent, after "rounding too" within pistol range upon the weather quarter of the latter. In this fight it was deemed, perhaps, expedient by Sir P. Broke, that profound silence should prevail, so as to ensure a strict compliance with his directions, as he depended as much on his superior tactics as on the bravery of his crew. This action was any thing but an obstinate engagement, and the victory may be attributed to the superior gunnery, and the admirable state of preparation in which that officer kept his ship. It forms, therefore, no exception to the general inference, that in all cases of danger or difficulty, especially when the effects of temporary depression of spirit or ardour are to be apprehended, the practice is invigorating and salutary.

ROYAL MARINES.

Per mare et terram.

THE corps of Royal Marines have always constituted an important arm of our naval force. Their value, however, was never fully appreciated until the last war, when it became necessary, in consequence of the shyness of the enemy's vessels, as well as from the frequency of combined operations by sea and land, to invade their harbours, and attack not only the shipping under the protection of their forts, but to storm the batteries themselves.* In these services they deported

* Even so far back as the year 1705, the, till then deemed impregnable, fortress of Gibraltar was taken almost by a *coup de main*, by Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse, with a small force, consisting of some seamen and marines of the fleet: an acquisition which was then considered undeserving the thanks of Parliament – *tempora mutantur!*

themselves with so much zeal and steady valour, that a generous rivalry between them and the sailors jointly employed on such expeditions, awakened the latter to a just sense of their merits, and extinguished happily that feeling of discontent, almost approaching to contempt, with which they had previously, no doubt from the comparative inactivity of that service, been regarded by men whose cheerful and undaunted intrepidity had justly rendered them the idol of their country, and the object of reluctant admiration to other nations.

The coast of Spain, during the peninsular war; that of North America, where they acted in battalion; and, above all, though precedently in point of time, the gallant defence of Anholt,* have entitled this branch of the service to grateful recollection.

Their obvious utility for operations, either by land or sea, has at length overcome the scruples

* By Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, of the Marines, under Captain Maurice, R.N.

of those patriots, in and out of Parliament, whose jealousy never fails to rouse itself into invective at the mention of a red-coat; and they are, despite of their cloth, now considered a portion of that which is emphatically denominated the constitutional force of the country. The late improvements made in the corps have extended even to their uniform; and for soldier-like appearance they are not inferior to any troops in the service. Singular as it may appear, taking their confined situation into consideration, they now rank amongst the best drilled corps. The practice of the broad-sword exercise* has been introduced on board

* A singular document is in the possession of the author. In consequence of drilling the crew of one of his Majesty's ships to the broad-sword exercise, the edges of the cutlasses had been jagged, as might naturally be expected. On the cutlasses being returned into store, the then Board of Ordnance considered the subject as one which deserved their interference; and without entering into the merits of the case, despatched the captain a letter, officially reprimanding him for his negligence in permitting these weapons to be thus abused. Had they required any explanation beyond that which common experience would have suggested, the officer might have acquainted the Board, that, being

many ships, most of the serjeants being expert in the use of that weapon. Nor should it be unnoticed that a decided preference, as to general availability, may safely be given to a military body comprizing exclusively with these advantages another, which must often be of the last importance—regular instruction and acquaintance with the management of great guns.

Though few instances of the kind, perhaps, have occurred on board large vessels since the peace, yet the marines have, not unfrequently, volunteered on board our smaller ships of war to "furl the courses," and constantly go aloft, though contrary to regulation. And yet we are told by a writer in the eighty-first number of the "*Edinburgh Review*," page 174,

then on the coast of America, with whose government this country was at war, and well knowing nothing gave sailors so much confidence in boarding as the knowledge of the use of the broad-sword, he had caused his crew to be regularly exercised by the serjeant of marines, being in hourly expectation of an engagement with an enemy's cruizer. This is not the only remonstrance of the kind; several captains have been similarly favoured.

that "when on board ship, they" (the marines) "have no other *exclusive* duty to perform than to keep *impressed men* in obedience." Doubtless the marines, particularly the privates, would be *too* happy to find this a fact. "Sailors," continues the writer, "can easily be trained to *all* the duties of soldiers; but soldiers, sent on board ship for the purpose of *keeping* the sailors in *obedience*, cannot mix with them, and therefore never learn the duty of sailors." The ignorance this writer betrays on this subject is really deplorable. In the first place, the very reverse of this reviewer's statement happens to be the fact; for, instead of "sailors being easily trained to do all the duty of soldiers," they invariably so detest and despise the manual of a musket, that they actually consider excellence in a soldier's drill derogatory to the character of a sailor; whilst, on the contrary, a marine is prouder of excelling in the duties of a seaman than of a soldier. It is true, that the brigades of seamen embodied to act with our troops in America, as well as in the

north coast of Spain, contrived to "*ship a bag-net*" on a pinch, and to "*toe*" (for that was the phrase) "a tolerable line;" but, had the reviewer *reviewed* our tars in the field instead of *on paper*, he would have discovered, that the various evolutions of "forming four deep," "changing the front," or advancing in (as they termed it) "*shove along*" (eschelon), were particularly perplexing to sailors, though quite *au fait* to mount guns in a battery, or serve them with effect, as at Walcheren, and under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre.

Perhaps, to render a service so useful and eligible, as nearly as possible perfect, it would only be necessary to admit them, when abroad, within the improved regulation, suggested under the head of "Discipline," relative to their pay. During war, too, it might, with little inconvenience, certainly with great advantage to the service, be contrived that marines should not be suffered to continue on board, without relief, for two or three years together: a practice which, in a corps calculated alike for land and sea service,

DISCIPLINE.

In addressing the officers of his Majesty's Navy on a subject of such delicacy as that of the discipline indispensable on board a ship of war, it might have been expedient to have anticipated the possible imputation of presumption on the part of the writer, by some attempt at exculpation, had he been a younger officer or less constantly engaged in active service. Counsel loses much of its offensive quality, when it is discovered to be the slow growth of years, or patient application. So far the writer feels he has a just claim to indulgence, since he can assure the profession, with the strictest truth, that the subjoined observations are founded on long experience in the service, and the result of unremitting attention to the peculiar disposition and marked characteristics of British seamen.

The printed instructions issued by the Admiralty form an admirable code of marine law *per se*, and have very properly defined and circumscribed the duty of a naval officer on almost all important occasions; but still, as there is a wide field left open to the discretion of the officer in command, it were deeply to be regretted, if, in some cases, either irritability, or possibly a want of thorough acquaintance with the true character of our sailors, should induce commanders to exercise this discretion in a manner never contemplated by the Board, or prejudicial to the interests of the "Service." Happily for the condition of seamen, officers who rise by service and merit, pass, most commonly, so many years in anxious expectation of command, that the mere procrastination has, at least, one beneficial effect—that of checking any inclination to abuse their authority; and the penalty of a long probation is more than repaid by advantages derived from a more intimate acquaintance with the genuine character and real worth (there may be, and are, individual excep-

tions) of our honest unpresuming countrymen afloat.

There can be but one opinion as to the first requisite in an officer for maintaining a high state of discipline on board—indisputably, firmness of character and conduct occupies that rank: as nothing can supply its place, so it never can be injurious, while tempered by moderation and regulated by discretion. The next in order, and almost equal in value, is self-possession, under which, in the comprehensiveness of the term, may be presumed to be included that inestimable quality temper:* without this it is vain to expect either dignified deportment or consistency of conduct in

* To exemplify the value of temper in a commander, we refer with pleasure to the conduct of Sir James A. Gordon, the hero of the *Potomack*, who, in the intricate ascent of that river, in the face of an active, intelligent foe, encountered and surmounted the greatest difficulties in warping up his squadron some hundred miles; during which he was constantly obliged to take out his guns, whilst several ships grounded beneath the enemy's batteries. The capitulation of *Alexandria* followed, by which it was agreed that the very merchant-ships which had been sunk to pre-

a Commander, or respect for his character in the seaman. For this reason, even reprehension should be conveyed in language at once firm and becoming, and, except in cases of heinous enormity, no punishment should ensue immediately on the commission of an offence or the omission of duty, lest the offender should attribute it to a vindictive feeling rather than a desire of correcting offences against the discipline of the service. An indulgence, therefore, in passion, under circumstances of disappointment, mistake, or mishap, should be rigidly repressed, which, whilst the paroxysm lasts, tends to the debasement of those who are its objects, and robs its subject of either reflection or the free exercise of the native faculties of the mind.

vent capture, were, to the astonishment of the enemy, raised by him, reladen with their cargoes, and surrendered by capitulation as "prizes of war." The whole of this important service, though imputed by this amiable and modest officer to the zeal and gallantry of those under his orders, is known to be with more justice attributable to the calm steadiness and patient example of their commander.

That officers themselves are not exempted from the disagreeable consequences of their superiors indulging in fits of anger, may be strongly instanced in the case of a captain deceased,* who presumed to tell his lieutenant, whilst on duty, that he would put him in irons—a threat which, he must have known, as well as every sailor who heard him, he durst not put into execution.

Doubtless a most essential requisite to the preservation of discipline, is a strict adherence to any engagement entered into with the seamen: a commander must religiously keep his word with his men, if he means to be respected. This rule is more particularly applicable with respect to threats of future punishment, whether conditional or absolute. The threat should, in the latter case, be always put into execution at its proper season; and in the former, it should be a rule that, in all cases where the condition is violated, the threatened punishment should be inflicted.

* *Bounty*, Bligh, when in command of the *Warrior*, seventy-four.

In every case of a man's being brought up for punishment, the slightest indication of passion should be avoided, and the offender thus impressed with the wholesome conviction that his suffering is a necessary consequence of his offence, abstracted from all private animosity or prejudice. The moment the painful duty is ended, no inclination should be shewn to keep the recollection of it alive by any ill-timed comment, or intimation (which, unfortunately, is too much the habit with many, in other respects, very judicious officers), that in addition to his punishment the delinquent is set down in the captain's private list. The tendency of such an intimation is to make men reckless of the future, and regardless of character, which they, with a good deal of reason, imagine is irrecoverably lost the moment their name is enrolled in writing on that hateful memorial, emphatically denominated by sailors the "*Black List.*" No unprofitable task in the way of black-list duty should ever be imposed. It is in the recollection of many, that captains

have compelled seamen on this list to brighten the "breeches of the guns," the "belaying-pins," the ring-bolts in the deck, and even a two-and-thirty-pound shot, tasks which the sailor must himself perceive were useless and absurd.*

Instead of such a misapplication of time and labour, which happily is on the decline, but without any established substitute, why are they not apportioned extra exercises at their guns, or in various evolutions aloft—occupations which would be sufficient to punish or restrain minor offenders, whilst they tended directly to improve their state of discipline.

With respect to indulgencies to seamen, we are aware that a difference of opinion prevails amongst commanders in our Navy: we shall for the present content ourselves with merely ob-

* These, and similarly vexatious practices, as they begin to be discontinued in our Navy, have been taken up and adopted by commanders of American vessels of war, more particularly in the "crack ships" on the Mediterranean station.

serving that they appear to be capable of being rendered eminently conducive to the interest of the service, by promoting, in generous and active spirits, a higher motive to an exemplary performance of duty, than the dread of punishment.

Generally speaking, an anxiety to consult the comforts of the seamen* should form a prominent

* In the variety of opinions which prevail with respect to the payment of our seamen on foreign stations, it is worthy of observation, the American navy consider the practice neither injurious nor impolitic, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" If a ship continue abroad three, seven, or even twelve years, as in the case of the *Centurion*, in India, the crew is not paid till her return. The consequence is, that those married men, who have not the forethought to provide by "allotments" for the maintenance of their families at home, waste their pay in taking up slops; which, though costly in price as contrasted with their value, are notoriously unserviceable, and not at all calculated to add to the respectability of a sailor's appearance. The only part of his slops which he pays for without repining, is his tobacco. So much does *Jack* abhor a purser's shirt and jacket, that for any one to be seen in them but a "waister," was, all last war, considered a fair subject of banter and reproach. It is true, that within these few years the quality of slops has been somewhat improved; but

feature in the character of every officer who hopes to attain a high state of discipline in his crew: care should be taken to time things well: and it should be a rule, that the men ought never to be unnecessarily disturbed at their meals,* than which nothing is more annoying to a seaman.

Finally, to dismiss this very interesting subject with that which, though last in order, is not least as to its importance, it should be a standing regulation on board ships of war, that irons should seldom, if ever, be used, except for cases of serious crime. During the war, it was almost universally the case, that men were "clapped into irons" for the most trifling offences; and even in cases where the commander must have been aware, from the character of the offence, that severer punishment would be necessary, the offender,

might it not be an advantageous regulation to have, besides the ordinary quality, a better sort? so that, to parody a common expression, *Jack* might cut his cloth according to his purse.

* *Meals.*—This is always strictly attended to in well-regulated ships.

though at sea, where escape was impossible, has been constantly put in irons.* Nothing can be more injudicious than such treatment; first, because the disgrace of being flogged before the ship's company is no trifling aggravation of the corporal punishment itself, whenever such punishment takes place; and next, where no such punishment ensues, the ship is deprived of the man's services pending a confinement, for which an apportionment of extra duty might be substituted, with the best effect both on the sailor and the service. A man of any spirit will naturally brood over and repine at the unnecessary disgrace thus inflicted for trifling offences. The injurious consequences of resorting to irons in the latter case may be most aptly exemplified by referring to numerous well-known instances, where a string of men, whose offences having been trifling, have been exhibited, each bolted by the leg on the half-deck, or other most exposed part of the ship,

* Such a practice might be justified in harbour, as necessary to prevent the chance of the offender's escape.

whilst visitors from the shore have been conducted round the vessel by their own officers. A sailor must be made of stone not to feel most keenly such ill-timed degradation. The sentiment is not confined to the prisoner: an inference is drawn by the visitant (without at all being apprized of the cause of this severity) most discreditable to the character of the seamen and respectability of the service. Thus the injury is two-fold; at once inflicting on the sailor unnecessary degradation and pain, whilst it serves the malignant purposes of malcontents on shore, to calumniate the character of that constitutional force, which has hitherto been, and will ever continue, the natural bulwark of these sea-girt isles.

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